SPRING 1953

The National Future Farmer

The Official Magazine of the Future Farmers of America

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THE *NEW* MODEL

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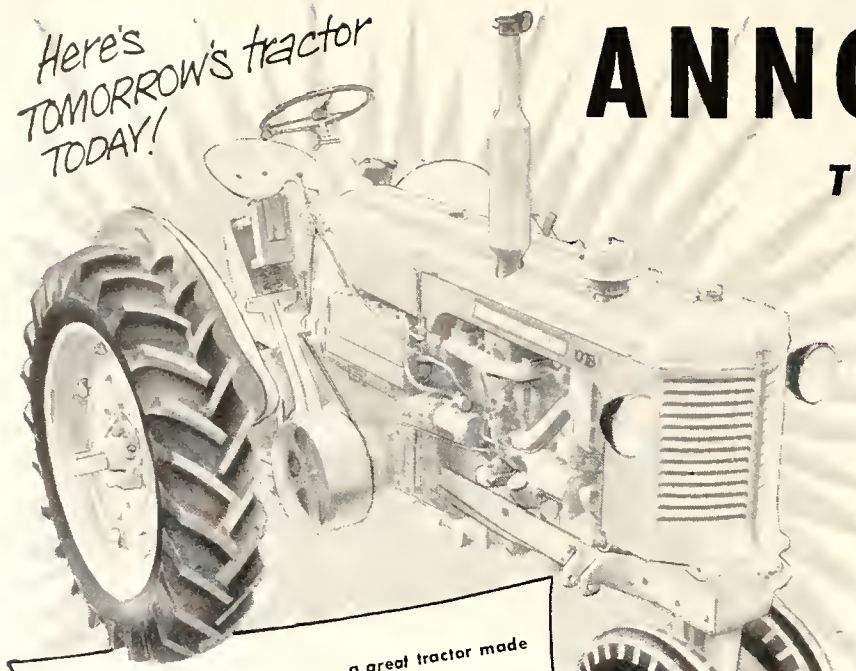

Here's a tractor with MORE MUSCLE... a tractor that's EASIER TO OPERATE... SAFER and MORE COMFORTABLE!

it's the NEW...

MINNEAPOLIS-MOLINE MM MODERN MACHINERY model **UB**

Here's the newest of the new... a great tractor made even greater!

Now, the new, advanced MM Model UB Tractor offers far more than ever before. MORE power! EASIER handling! NEW safety! GREATER economy! LONGER-LIFE features that mean even bigger value for every farmer's tractor dollar.

Read through the advantages listed below. See how much more today's farmer gets with the new, advanced Minneapolis-Moline UB Tractor.

THESE ADVANTAGES MEAN MORE POWER, COMFORT, LOWER COSTS, REAL SPEED IN THE FIELD!

1 MORE POWER! Higher compression cylinder heads, greater compression ratio offer *more horsepower* with *new fuel economy*! PERFORMANCE that adds up to *less time* in the field, *more work done*!

2 NEW HIGH PLATFORM! This one big feature provides greater visibility, puts the operator up away from dust and heat, provides ample standing room for a change of pace while driving the tractor. Platform gives a *safe, solid* foundation for new tractor seat.

3 NEW IGNITION SYSTEM! Double the voltage output means easier starting. New position for battery means easier servicing. Sealed beam headlights make night work easier, road travel safer.

4 NEW STARTER! The Model UB will start time and again where other tractors fail. Shorter cables cut down power loss.

5 NEW CENTER LINE STEERING and "needle bearing" universal joints deliver the most responsive, easy to control tractor on the market . . . equal vision on both sides of tractor. Throttle is right under the steering wheel.

6 NEW SAFETY FEATURES include shield over hydraulic Uni-Matic jack, complete protection from working parts of Uni-Matic and PTO attachments.

7 NEW PRESSURE COOLING! Now the UB Tractor has a cooling system like most automobiles . . . sealed system cuts out anti-freeze losses.

8 AUTOMATIC WEATHER CAP keeps moisture out of your tractor, stays open automatically while tractor is operating.

9 NEW FLOTE-RIDE SEAT! Never before such *comfort!* New seat pan, new springs to take the shock, new hydraulic cylinder to absorb the rebound . . . weight, distance from steering column, and furrow leveling adjustments. Seat can be flipped back if operator wishes to stand.

10 NEW FOOT CLUTCH is located to the left of the steering column. Large capacity clutch and long pedal make operating easier.

11 NEW BRAKE SYSTEM! Longer brake pedals (both on the right side of the steering column) . . . disc type brakes that operate on the transmission countershaft . . . close spacing that eliminates locking pin . . . brakes that can be locked in "on" position by foot lever. UB brakes are advanced, respond faster—typical of a tractor that's ahead in so many ways.

12 NEW ROLLER DRAWBAR that can be locked in place or allowed to roll free.

13 LIVE POWER TAKE-OFF! Live PTO lever is convenient to operator. Pulled back, lever disengages tractor wheels but allows PTO shaft to turn and clear clogged or jammed PTO implement. Live PTO is optional equipment on the new UB.

14 EXTRA CAPACITY FUEL FILTER.

15 STELLITE EXHAUST VALVE INSERTS for best high compression performance, longer wear.

16 NEW, STRONGER "BOSSES" on side of transmission case provide far greater strength for front-mounted loaders or implements.

17 LIKE DRIVING THE LATEST MODEL CAR! MM has designed the new UB to place the steering wheel, throttle, clutch, and brake pedals right in front of the operator where they are naturally and easily reached . . . yet the UB keeps the exclusive MM Visionlined design.

MINNEAPOLIS-MOLINE MINNEAPOLIS 1, MINNESOTA

It takes that UB power bonus to hold plowing costs to the very rock bottom.

Here's the Model UB factory-equipped to burn LP gas. Farmers everywhere are cutting costs with MM's advanced LP gas system.

Operator stands if he wants to. The big, safe platform on the new Model UB gives plenty of space for a change of pace.

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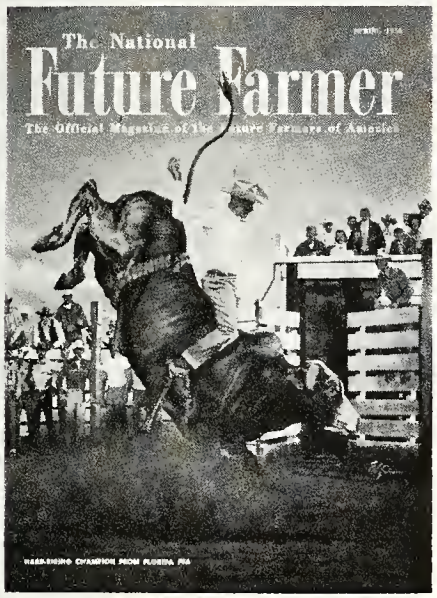

Painting by Eric N. Ericson

OUR COVER boy is Pete Clemons, Florida's All-round Champion Cowboy. He first won the title while President of Lake Placid FFA Chapter.

As a Future Farmer he was a member of his chapter's teams in parliamentary procedure, beef cattle judging, and dairy cattle judging. He served terms as vice president and as president of his chapter. His supervised farming interests were primarily hogs and beef cattle.

He used his rodeo winnings to buy more beef cattle, until today he is running 400 head.

The Brahman bull is "Bobtail"—unridden in seven years.

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The National
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The Official Magazine of the Future Farmers of America

SPRING 1953 — VOL. I, No. 3

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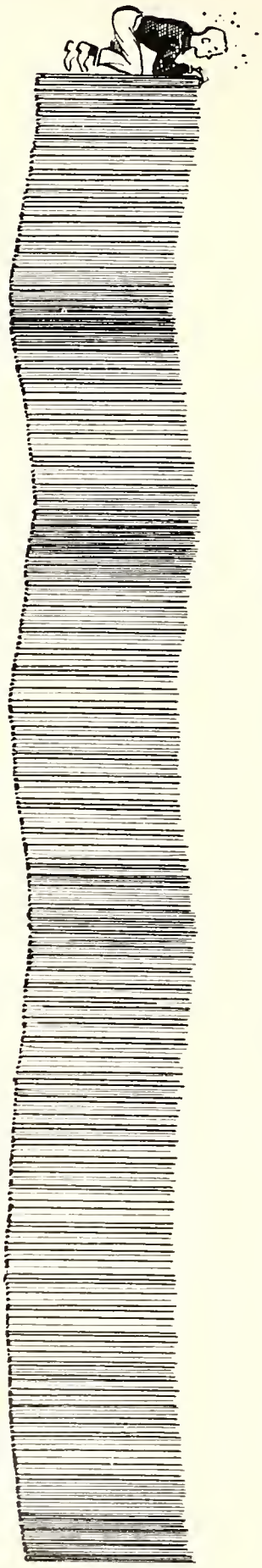
From the Editor's Desk



That's a lot of hay!

More than 21½ tons! That's a lot of hay, isn't it? But we're not speaking of hay. What we're talking about is higher than both the national capitol and the Washington monument combined. And you own a part of it.

Yes sir! You may not believe it. But the copies of one issue of *The National FUTURE FARMER* —115,000 for the last one—would make a stack nearly a thousand feet high. That's because about one out of three Future Farmers in America have subscribed.

It's your magazine

This week we were asked the question, "Has someone been granted permission to publish the official magazine—or is *The National FUTURE FARMER* a part of the FFA?" We hadn't thought of it exactly that way before, but the magazine is a part of the FFA. It is as much a part of the program now as a father-and-son banquet, or the emblem that heads the FFA news items in the local paper. And for the benefit of those who may have missed out on the news in the beginning—the first issue was published last October. It's a quarterly. The subscription price is 25 cents a year, five years for one dollar. There'll be no agent to encourage you. You'll have to sell yourself. But you may subscribe anytime. (CENSORED FOR COMMERCIALIZING.)

Why have a national magazine?

Well—why *not?* Every other organization has. And that includes several youth organizations somewhat similar to our own. Ever since the 1929 national convention—the first one after the founding of the FFA—the question of a national magazine has come up. More recently the delegates have pressed for a magazine. The National FFA Boards had successfully rolled the problem forward until 1950 when the delegates requested the National Boards to start the necessary proceedings for publishing a national magazine as soon as possible.

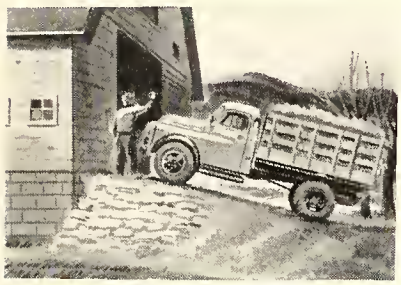
What are its purposes?

Here they are, as adopted by your National FFA Boards of Student Officers and Directors:

1. To further strengthen the ties between the local, state, and national levels of the FFA.
2. To inspire the Future Farmers of America.
3. To help Future Farmers keep abreast of agricultural progress.
4. To further promote the organization.
5. To provide the magazine that Future Farmers would most like to have.
6. To put the magazine in reach of every Future Farmer of America.
7. To provide a publication that is of a quality in keeping with the high standards of the FFA.
8. To hold the principles of the FFA before each member.

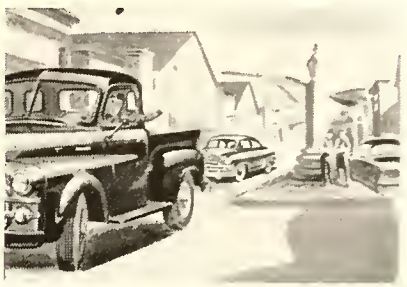
Presenting...New Dodge "Job-Rated" Trucks!

Only trucks with all these farm features!

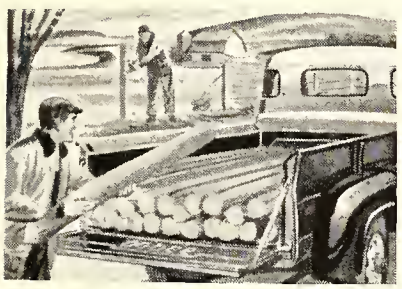


New Horsepower Boost! 7 high-compression engines! 3 all-new, with greater power, displacement, cooling capacity. Twin carburetion available on larger trucks.

New! Super-Safe Brakes! Stop smoothly, easily, with less pedal pressure. New stepped-up braking, forward or in reverse, on 1- through 2½-ton Dodge "*Job-Rated*" trucks.

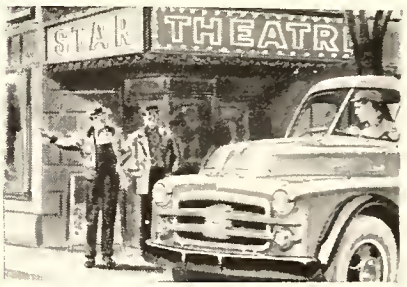


New! Shift-Free Driving! Truck-o-matic transmission available on ½- and ¾-ton trucks. Saves shifting, cuts driver fatigue, lets you rock out of snow, mud!



New! Bigger Pick-Up! Now a 116″ wheelbase ½-ton pick-up to accommodate bulky loads, save extra trips! Reinforced cab construction on all new models, too.

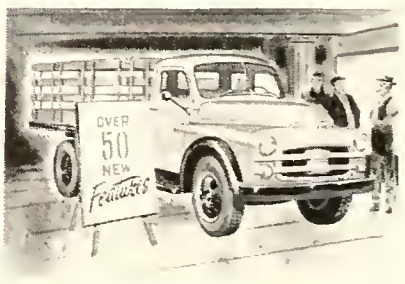
New Tailgate Sealing! New tighter-than-ever tailgate fit on pick-ups and expresses. Another Dodge *extra* farm value, to give you more for your money!



New Styling! More chrome, new streamlined pick-up and express rear fenders. Smart new two-tone cab interiors in contrasting shades of maroon and grey.

New! Dodge-Tint Glass! Tames fierce sunlight, reduces eyestrain, increases safety, means cooler cabs in summer! Dodge-Tint Glass is available on all models.

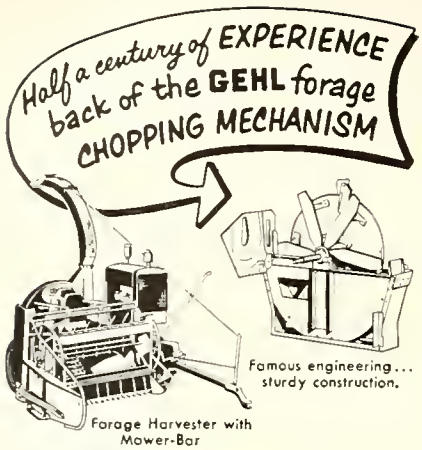
New Body Flooring! The flooring in all pick-ups is tough eight-piece yellow pine. New flooring in panels of two-piece plywood with metal skid strips.



Over 50 New Features, in addition to proved features like moistureproof ignition, two fuel filters, rustproofed sheet metal and superior maneuverability.

½- THROUGH 4-TON . . . THERE'S ONE TO FIT YOUR JOB. SEE YOUR FRIENDLY DODGE DEALER!

DODGE "Job-Rated" TRUCKS


Half a century of EXPERIENCE back of the GEHL forage CHOPPING MECHANISM
Famous engineering... sturdy construction.
Forage Harvester with Mower-Bar

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ONE of Many Reasons for the Continued Leadership of the *GEHL* Forage Harvester is its chopping mechanism. It gives a clean, uniform cut . . . silage that packs well, makes better feed. That's important whether stored in stacks, trench or silo.

The Gehl chopping mechanism follows the basic principles so successful for half a century in Gehl ensilage cutters . . . It has an *unbreakable boiler-plate steel flywheel* . . . and its six knives develop *50% more capacity* than a four-knife wheel. It can also be used with four, three, two knives, or one knife with counter-weight.

QUICK CHANGE OVER for 3-way harvesting

- MOWER BAR ATTACHMENT for Grass Silage—Clears the field in one operation.
- HAY PICKUP attachment for windrowed hay or straw.
- ROW CROP Attachment has exclusive patented auger-type, or chain-type gatherers.

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Write for *FREE Book*, "Streamlined Methods of Harvesting Hay and Making Grass Silage." Tells *best methods* of storing silage . . . in trench, stacks, top-of-ground or regular silos and other answers. Will include colorful Gehl catalog and FREE PLANS for making self-unloading wagon box, using Gehl Metal Parts Kit.

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GEHL...a good name to go "buy"

From

Your Letters

Aurora, Nebraska

We received our copy of *The National FUTURE FARMER* in yesterday's mail. I would like to express appreciation to you and your staff for editing such a fine publication.

This is the first year for vocational agriculture in our school, and apparently our FFA chapter was omitted from the mailing list to receive the sample copies of the October issue. In November when our members subscribed to the magazine, they had never seen a copy.

Instead of 70 percent subscribing, I'm sure, if they had had a sample such as this Winter issue, we could have easily had 100 percent subscribing in our chapter.

Wayne F. Smith, Advisor

Fallon, Nevada

All 90 members of our chapter have subscribed to the *FUTURE FARMER* magazine, and we like it very much.

Enclosed is a dollar bill for which please send our chapter four more copies of the magazine. We want to give these out to key persons in our community.

We studied several of the articles in the last magazine in class and enjoyed them a lot. Keep them coming.

Clifton Mallet

Golconda, Illinois

Quite a number of our chapter members have subscribed to our magazine. They like it so well that they decided to enter one-year subscriptions for the members of the advisory council, board members, and the principal.

E. B. Trovillion, Advisor

Jonesville, Virginia

We have just received the Winter issue of *The National FUTURE FARMER* and think it is an excellent magazine. This issue alone is worth the price of a year's subscription.

One of the boys expressed the sentiments of all of us when he said, "I wish this came every month." We would like to see such a magazine published monthly even though it meant an increase in price.

Jimmy Rosenbaum

Waterflow, New Mexico

I received your magazine the other day and roughly scanned through it. Another fellow and I liked the article about Ed Reser and "The Makings of a Winner" and decided to make a tractor. I enjoyed your humorous story, "Unc Liked Bear Meat." It was really good.

Robert E. Stock

Rugby, North Dakota

On behalf of the Rugby FFA Chapter, I want to thank you and your staff writer . . . for the excellent job of portraying the activities of the chapter. We are very much pleased with "The Rugby Story" as it appears in the current issue of *The National FUTURE FARMER.*

I sincerely hope that there are enough extras so that all of our chapter members and some of our adult friends may have a chance to read this story firsthand.

Don Erickson, Advisor

Enosburg Falls, Vermont

I read both issues of *The National FUTURE FARMER* and find them very interesting and educational. I especially like to read about the different chapters in the country.

Roger Lefebure

Sendai City, Japan

I am in the third grade of the Miyagi agricultural secondary high school and now 17 years of age. I am a member of FFJ. FFJ was named after FFA. It was founded in 1950.

Mr. Paul Walker sent me *The National FUTURE FARMER.* It is wonderful magazine, and I am glad to know that FFA has such a thing.

We must learn more about your FFA and build up to perfect the Future Farmers of Japan. Compared with your FFA, we are inferior to you in every point.

It is important for us to exchange letter and gather data to better the present condition. Please introduce me to school boys and girls.

Kiyoshi Watanabe, 50 Fukushuinmae, Nagamachi, Sendai City, Miyagi Perfecture, Japan.

EDITOR'S NOTE: What's wrong with us? All we've been getting is words of praise. Of course, like anybody else, we warm up to a compliment, but we'd like to have your grumbles once in a while. If you haven't any, why not tell us what article really caught your fancy?

A New Idea Spreads An Old Truth

SPREADING MANURE to build soil fertility is one of the oldest and most basic truths of agriculture. Yet, until 52 years ago when Joseph Oppenheim built the first successful mechanical spreader and called it "New Idea," manure was spread by hand on a hit-or-miss, between-season basis. Barnyard manure piles were leached of much of their fertility while waiting for the manure fork. Soils closest to the barn received most of the remaining plant foods when the manure was finally spread. Far fields grew weak and unproductive from lack of humus and renewed fertility.

Today, New Idea spreaders distribute precious manure *where* needed . . . *when* needed . . . *how* needed . . . in a matter of minutes. Soils get the full nutritional value, including nitrogenous portions, because farmers need no longer wait for between-season lulls to spread manure.

It's sometimes good to remember that it often takes a New Idea to spread an old truth.

NEW IDEA
FARM EQUIPMENT CO.
DIVISION AVCO DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
Coldwater, Ohio

That's why a **NEW IDEA** *is a good idea!*

Illustrated literature, describing NEW IDEA spreaders and all other NEW IDEA specialized farm machines will be sent to you upon request.

Foot-loose and Fancy-free...

Feet on the ground, head in the clouds. Youth is like that—*power to 'em!*

While growing to manhood, the pathway looks bright and inviting—*the right start in formative years* will help keep it that way—to maturity.

Mill Iron hopes to be of service to the young farmer and cattleman of small means by giving him equal opportunity with established cattlemen in buying **outstanding herd bulls** for herd improvement.

Our aim is to produce **Fine Registered Herd Bulls** *of* **HIGHEST QUALITY** *at* **LOW PRICE**

Well worth trying...

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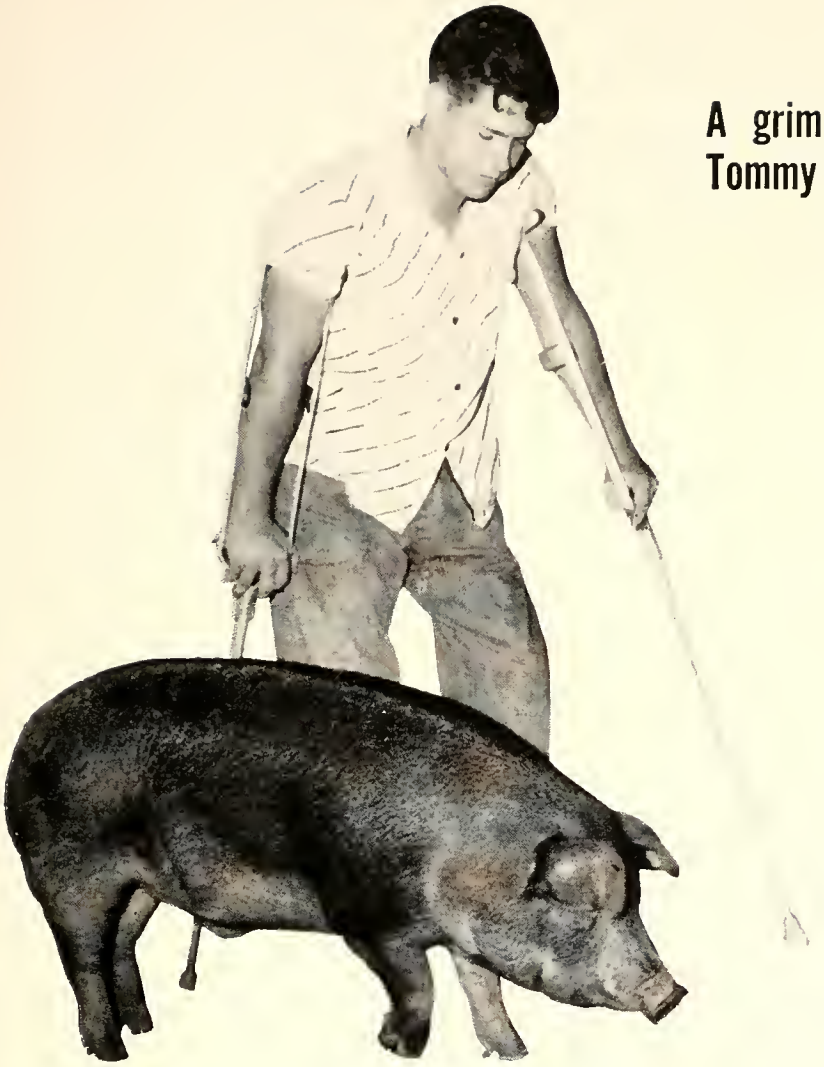

A grim opponent struck suddenly and Tommy High found himself gripped in . . .

a fight for life

By DORIS W. COX

POLIO TACKLED Tommy High on the football field and threw him for quite a loss. It was a hot fall afternoon in 1950, the beginning of his sophomore year at Reddick High School in Reddick, Florida. Tommy was looking forward to lots of action on the football field, the basketball court, and in the FFA. It looked like a great year coming up at Reddick High for the husky, good-looking fellow.

But instead of fighting for his football team, Tommy fought for his life. He won the initial struggle with polio. Then followed seven torturous months of hard going at the hospital before he could return to his Fairfield farm home. Even then, he was 95 percent paralyzed.

Tommy's folks were just getting set financially when he got polio. There was no big family savings account to take care of the enormous hospital bills. But his father did not have to sell the farm which he had bought only a few years before. The Polio Foundation took care of Tommy's $3800 bill.

Tommy had a lot of time for thinking during the seven months on the hospital bed in Tampa. He wanted to repay the Polio Foundation the money which had been spent for his recovery. But how to do it? During the long hours in bed, he worked out a plan.

Tommy decided to concentrate on what he knew best—farming. By making his farming projects succeed, he hoped to earn money to repay the Polio Foundation. He knew it would take hours and hours of painful practice to enable him to do even the simplest chores on the farm. But Tommy was determined.

His previous interest in livestock shows led to his choice of a first project. Tommy chose a fine barrow from a group of select Durocs.

Tommy's "polio pig" went to market and home again. All during the Florida winter show season, when Tommy's pig came to the auction block, the buyers were told that this pig came to market to help repay Tommy's debt to the Polio Foundation. Bidding would always be brisk. And the buyer would then return the pig to be auctioned again at another show.

The money from the shows went into the county polio fund. At the end of show season, Tommy had more than repaid the sum spent by the Polio Foundation for his own treatment.

In addition to his "polio pig" project, he has selected good stock for other projects and turned his profits to more and better money makers. He is a keen livestock judge and this accounts for his many winners as well as the financial success of his show animals. He wins in livestock judging competitions too.

Typical of his show activity is his recent record at the Ocala Area Youth Livestock Show where he took five prizes, capping his honors with grand champion of the show. The Ocala Star-Banner summed it up this way:

Tommy High, the plucky Fairfield youth stricken with polio two years ago, won top billing in the swine show. . . . Proceeds . . . will be used to buy a TV set for the polio ward at Tampa Municipal Hospital, where Tommy was treated. Last year he raised $4,895 for the Polio Foundation by selling and reselling a pig.

Tommy's scrapbook is filled with

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Your National

FFA Officers make sure that the President gets the national magazine. Grouped around the desk are Jimmy Dillon, William Sorem, Jimmy Willis, Fred Reed, Don Travis, and Malcolm Ellis.

A VISIT WITH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER climaxed the trip to Washington, D.C., made by the National FFA Board of Student Officers. The boys presented the President with a copy of the last issue of The National FUTURE FARMER.

Seeing the picture of the calf on the cover, the President remarked that he had some beef cattle on his farm in Pennsylvania. "But," he said, "disease struck recently and wiped out half my herd."

The FFA officers expressed concern and sympathy over the loss. And then, with a grin, the President said, "Well, it wasn't such a big loss. I only had two head!"

The Student Officers went to Washington for the meeting of the National FFA Board of Directors. While there, they met many high government officials and industrial leaders. They saw many of these important men in industry again on a Good Will Tour through the East and Midwest.

The six boys who carry the responsibility of representing the Future Farmers of America this year made an excellent impression on all whom they met.

JIMMY DILLON from Bonita, Louisiana, is President of the FFA. He is majoring in agricultural education at Louisiana State University. In partnership with his father, Jimmy operates a 680-acre farm, producing beef cattle, hogs, cotton, and corn. He is a sophomore at Louisiana State University, majoring in agricultural education.

JIMMY WILLIS, Secretary of the FFA, is from McColl, South Carolina, and lives on a farm which has been in the family since an original land grant from the King of England. He is majoring in agricultural education at Clemson College.

FRED REED, National FFA Vice President for the Southern Region, is from Huntsville, Arkansas, and goes to Arkansas Polytechnic College. Fred was president of his high school class four years, was salutatorian of his graduating class, won the Arkansas state FFA public speaking contest in 1950, and was the state FFA president for 1950-51.

WILLIAM SOREM is the FFA's Vice President for the Central Region, and was state FFA president in Minnesota for 1951-52. He is the oldest in a family of five boys and two girls. Bill has a 25 percent interest in a 240-acre operation that features production of hogs, dairy cattle, and general crops.

DON TRAVIS of Fallon, Nevada, is Pacific Vice President of the FFA. He is a former state president of the Nevada FFA. Don is farming in partnership with his parents, with one-third interest in a 60-cow dairy herd, plus full ownership of 25 beef cattle.

MALCOLM ELLIS, National FFA Vice President for the North Atlantic Region, is a student at the University of Maine. He is farming the home farm together with another farm which he purchased. Potatoes, the major commercial crop in the area, are well suited to the soil on Malcolm's farms.

Leaders

R. E. Short, Special Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, chats with Jimmy Dillon.

Joe Don Powell and neighbors look over a new sprinkler irrigation system recently installed on the Powell's farm.

Louisiana Live Wire

By Jack Timmons

HOW WOULD YOU like to have invested $165 in farming five years ago and know that today that investment is worth $14,500?

That is the record of Joe Don Powell, Louisiana FFA State President. During the same five-year period, Joe Don earned over $17,000 gross income. Quite an accomplishment for a boy who started his first year in the FFA with two pigs and a grade calf.

A visit to the Powell farm, 40 miles down Bayou Pierre to the south of Shreveport, reveals clearly why Joe Don is a leader in his home state of Louisiana. A member of the Pelican FFA Chapter, Joe Don is farming in partnership with his father, Floyd Powell, and brother, Wilmer, on the home place at Evelyn, Louisiana, in De Soto Parish. Each partner has his own separate farming and livestock program, but all work together.

Diversity is the keynote of Joe Don's farming program. His 20 acres of cotton provide a cash crop. To insure good cotton production, he follows carefully the state-recommended cotton insect control program and fertilizes the already fertile alluvial soil with 55 pounds of available nitrogen per acre.

The 18 acres of corn, which Joe Don raises for sale through cattle, receives available nitrogen at the rate of 90 pounds per acre. He usually gets a yield of 75 bushels or more per acre.

Joe Don's livestock enterprise this year is 25 head of good grade Hereford cows and a registered Hereford bull. Improved or graded up heifers are saved for herd replacements and the remaining calves, when weaned at eight months of age, are placed on feed and grass for 90 to 100 days for finishing to market bloom. It's not uncommon for these calves to top the local market.

Of course pasture and hay crops are produced, and on this score Joe Don has a working agreement with his dad and brother. The progressive outlook of this team shows up in the

haying-pasture operation. A new sprinkler irrigation system was purchased in the fall of 1951.

The advent of an irrigation system on the Powell farm is not only new for the farm but also new for this area. Little consideration had been given to irrigation during past years because this is a high rainfall area, but since the rainfall frequently is not distributed to the best advantage for crops and pastures, irrigation trials have begun.

And one of the first systems is being used by Future Farmer Joe Don Powell and his partners. The system is capable of handling 40 acres under irrigation. With the new sprinkler installed, the Powells had an alfalfa crop, an extra cutting of hay, and a green pasture of Bermuda, Johnson grass, and White Dutch clover during the dry summer months of 1952.

This Louisiana Future Farmer demonstrates his leadership abilities starting right at home. As his dad said, "Joe Don has helped me to recognize and get a better class of cattle and to do a better job with my own cattle. He has also helped by bringing home new ideas and encouraging that they be put into practice. Yes, Future Farmer work by Joe Don has meant plenty to me and the family."

Leadership abilities outside the home also are responsible for the record and role of Joe Don in the changing agriculture of Louisiana. A visit with Vocational Agriculture Teacher J. D. Rogers of Pelican will reveal that, aside from serving as State President in 1952-53, being selected as Star Farmer in 1951, and receiving the 1951 Governor's Award for an outstanding livestock production project, Joe Don has also served as FFA State Treasurer, President of the Parish and Area Federations of FFA, chapter president, chapter vice president, chapter reporter, member of the parliamentary procedure team, and a member of the grass judging team. He has won many high placings in livestock shows with his animals, and has been active in many school activities other than FFA.

Yes, leadership in action has been Joe Don Powell's record, and home folks have been recognizing this quite a while. S. M. Shows told this writer that of all the boys completing vocational agriculture in the parish during his 26 years as superintendent of schools, none has had greater vision or been more successful and practical with his project activities than Joe Don Powell.

Jack Gamble, assistant superintendent, stated he'd known the State President since Joe Don went into vocational agriculture and that he'd always been outstanding because of his ability to be a sound and deliberate thinker.

As you leave the Powell farm and a visit with Joe Don and Mr. and Mrs. Powell, brother Wilmer, and sister Martha Jane, you know here is a Future Farmer and his family who are helping to lead Louisiana from the limitations of a one-crop system of farming to a prosperous diversified agriculture.

And you know that now as this leading young man continues his career in agriculture at Louisiana State University in agricultural education, even greater accomplishments are ahead.

Evidence of Joe Don's leadership may be found in the many ribbons he has won.

Joe Don shows his horse to Rosemary Chamberlain, Louisiana's FFA sweetheart.

HALF-GAME HURLER

By LOUIS TRIMBLE

NICK ARLEN twisted irritably around from his spot in the pitcher's box and watched the ball land out in short left. Rowles, the lanky Duck fielder, came in fast, scooped up the ball, and made a perfect peg to second.

The Cougar runner stood on first and clapped his hands. Glowering, Nick took the relay in from Engle at second. He thumbed the ball and threw it aside. Ed Harper, the Duck catcher-manager, got a ball from the umpire and came waddling out toward the box. Nick went in halfway to meet him.

"Next time," Nick said angrily, "you'll know better than to signal an inside curve to that guy."

Harper spat and looked into Nick's face without expression. Nick stared back defiantly. Harper's round, moon-faced placidity always annoyed him. Especially at a time like this when a game was bowstring tight. It was now —the Ducks were hanging onto a one-to-nothing lead against the high-flying Cougars.

"It's only the first half of the fourth," Harper said in his calm voice. "A man on first won't lick us." He shifted the quid in his cheek. "Anyway, that curve didn't break far enough inside."

He made a move to turn away and Nick said furiously, "Listen, I . . ." But it was futile. As usual when he started to argue, Harper was off somewhere. Right now he was off back to the plate. Nick swung around and stalked to the box.

He worked over the new ball, rubbing off the gloss and sizing up the Cougar batter. Kendall, the man on base, was at the head of their list. He had started the game by cutting air at three pitches. Now after three innings he had come up again. Nine men up—nine men out. That was the way it had gone up to now. Up until Kendall became the tenth man.

Nick wondered if the old jinx was going to ride him again this game. He thought of it as the 10-11-12 jinx. Through the first two-thirds of this, his first season in pro ball, it had plagued him. Nine batters; nine men out. Tenth batter; one man on.

Numbers 11 and 12 always followed through. Nick couldn't tell about the thirteenth man on jinx days. Harper had him in the showers before then.

Kicking a little dirt from his cleats, he got ready for the windup. He looked all pitcher standing out there. Six feet three and lean, with the knack of putting every ounce of whip from his long body into his pitches. He had steam to burn and a change of pace that had always worked until this season. The trouble, he thought, was that Harper was calling for the curve and the slow ball at the wrong times when any blind man could see it was suicide to stop using the fast, hot one.

Now Harper signaled for it to break low and inside. Nick wound up and let loose. The old feeling was still there. The good running feeling of power in his muscles and of his fingers and arm doing what his brain ordered.

The ball cracked sharply into Harper's big mitt. The umpire signaled ball one. Blosser, the Cougar bunt artist, grinned from the batter's box. Nick shook his head. That curve wasn't where he wanted it. He had thought it was, but something went wrong between the time it left his fingers and the time it reached the plate.

And Harper was giving the same signal! Nick wound up again. Harper should know by now that this was one of his days. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't direct anything in the groove but the fast ball. Nick cut loose, and Blosser made a great show of sucking back as if the curve had broken too close to him for comfort.

Ball two!

Harper called it again. Nick tried to shake it off, but Harper made a motion of insistence. Nick hammered the ball angrily into his glove. Whose game was this, anyway? He had strict orders to follow those signals down the line when Harper was behind the plate, but Nick couldn't swallow that moon-faced hunk of blubber running his game, even if he was a manager.

Harper continued to repeat the signal. Nick could feel the silence from the infield. There was no chatter now. It was as if the team waited—as if they expected old 10-11-12 to start operating.

He wound up and delivered. Ball three.

Harper called it again. If he wanted a walk, Nick thought resentfully, why not call a pitch-out? He set himself and blazed the ball down the line, cutting the fast one right through the groove. And it was perfect. Straight through, so hot Blosser didn't even see it. Nick grinned.

Three and one. But Harper was waggling for the curve again. Nick swore grimly to himself, wondering why any club would let a thickhead like Harper manage a team of ball players. What if he was old steady boy? Old dependable? Nick had heard how Harper was supposed to have shaped more coming players for the majors than any other man in Class AA ball. If that was the way he went at it, Nick wondered how anyone ever got to the top.

He faced Blosser, tempted to ignore the signal and pitch a second hot one. But Harper was an explicit man. Sometimes he lost his mildness, and then Nick knew he meant only business. On his first day in pro ball, Harper had said bluntly: "I run this club. What I say goes. If it doesn't, let's quit now and save both of us trouble. Got that?"

Nick had looked into the determined Irish face and said he had it. Definitely. He was good and he knew he was good. He was looking to a career in the big time. He had sacrificed a

(*Continued on page* 48)

"Harper was signalling for the high hard one now. . . . Nick leaned way over and really blazed it in."

county and state fairs are fun, but FFA members know that behind each and every exhibit are folks who have spent hours and hours of hard work . . .

Getting Ready For THE FAIR

By Ralph J. Woodin

Assistant Professor, Agricultural Education
Ohio State University

IT WAS THE LAST DAY of the State Fair. The place, the Junior Fair Cattle Barn. Every alley of the big exhibit barn was crowded with State Fair visitors, while in the arena nearby some 500 spectators watched as the judges picked the winners in the Guernsey classes.

Unmindful of the blare of the public address system and the noise of the crowd, Charles Spring stayed perched on top of his show box. Bandages covered a three-inch gash across his cheek.

He had received the injury two weeks before while trimming the hoofs of a Holstein heifer in preparation for the show. The tie-rope loosened, and a quick kick sent the razor-sharp hoof-trimmers to Charles' face. Quick medical attention, however, had enabled Charles to go ahead with his plans to exhibit five head of Holsteins at the State Fair.

He had had a good week. The five heifers had won three blue ribbons and two red. But that was behind him now. He was talking to a half-dozen fellow chapter members who were, at the time, lounging comfortably on bales of straw.

"It's time to start planning for next year's State Fair exhibits right now," he said. "I didn't make any money, but this is the way I figure it. If I make expenses at the State Fair I'm satisfied.

"The big advantage I see to the fair is that I got acquainted with some of the top notch Holstein breeders from all over the state as well as from several other states.

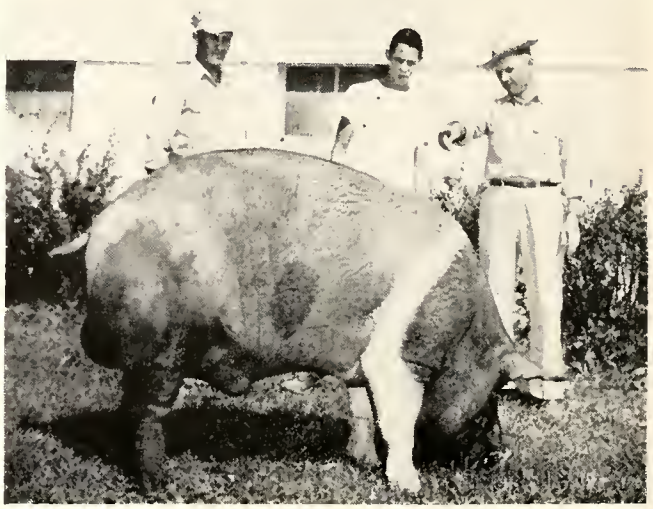
"Also, I got to see some of the boys I had met at the State Camp and the State Convention.

"Another thing, although I had a Junior Champion at the County Fair, I learned a lot more here about showing dairy cattle than I ever had before. The competition is tougher. But another year I think I could do better because of some of the things I've learned."

Charles' remarks just about sum up the expressions of many Future Farmers who exhibit at state fairs and shows. But to check the viewpoint from other parts of the country, we surveyed the FFA executive secretaries in 30 states.

Last minute advice on blocking a ewe is given to these Ohio FFA members by their vo-ag teacher, John Borton.

The fine points of this herd sire are discussed by vo-ag teacher Leon Boucle with Elmo Spring and Charles Spring.



We asked them, "What needs to be done to improve the Future Farmer exhibits at your state fair?" Among their replies were these:

"Exhibit only high-quality, well-fed animals."

"Dress uniformly during the showing."

"Be better informed on the FFA organization and its purposes."

"Have a section for exhibiting cattle."

"Our boys do a wonderful job of interpreting vocational agriculture to the public."

"Improve the quality of exhibits and showmanship."

While most of the comments were favorable, they do point out the wisdom of starting early to get ready for the fair. If high quality livestock are to be shown, preparations must begin now in terms of feeding, breeding at the proper time, and caring for the animals so as to have them in show condition at fair time.

Charles Spring didn't mention that a state fair provides a chance to give the general public a good impression of the FFA. But at a large state fair as many as a half-million people unfamiliar with the FFA may see Future Farmers at work and at play. Their impressions will depend on the action of the members they see. In that regard, here are some suggestions from the executive secretaries:

"Good conduct is the best publicity."

"Wear FFA jackets and live up to them honorably."

"Improve showmanship."

"Be more familiar with classes in catalogues."

"Keep exhibits neat."

"Keep signs over animals exhibited."

"A little less horse play by some members."

"Refrain from entering stock in open classes."

"Display good sportsmanship regardless of outcome."

"Be satisfied with sale prices at auction even if they are lower than expected."

"More skill demonstrations should be given."

"More publicity should be given at the local level."

"Be available for interviews with photographers and reporters—which would speed up publicity work."

"We feel that the largest majority of vocational agriculture students who exhibit and participate in fair activities should do so at the local and county level. Participation at area shows, and then particularly at the state fair, should be a privilege earned through outstanding records achieved by participation at local and county fairs. Many of the problems at state fairs are the result of a failure to keep state fair participation on this basis . . ."

All of these comments should encourage Future Farmers to do a good job at the next state fair. Such a job involves the right attitude, as well as good exhibits. This was well put by the executive secretary who said, "We want not only outstanding exhibits, but also outstanding boys, at our State Fair."

Future Farmers have a great opportunity at the state fairs to acquaint their city cousins with the value of FFA work. In order to do this it is a must that individual Future Farmers begin preparing their exhibits well in advance of fair time. Too, the chapters should begin early to plan ways and means of developing a better exhibit on the part of the chapter as well as the individual members.

John Foltz obviously thinks that the FFA queen and her court are a nice feature of the Ohio State Junior Fair.

Our Next Frontier

By J. M. ELEAZER
Information Specialist
Clemson Agricultural College

Even in regions of high rainfall, crops suffer as much as six times a year—and without supplemental irrigation each dry spell takes its toll.

Nothing is so constant as change. That was painted along the top margin of a blackboard when I was in college at Clemson.

It didn't mean much to me then. I thought this old world was always the same, and that just about settled it.

But in the after years, that inscription on the blackboard has taken on new meaning. We find from experience that this is a world of change. On top of the Rocky Mountains I saw sea shells imbedded in the sandstone. In Mexico I saw a mountain that had been formed of late where a volcano had broken through the flat earth. And along the Carolina coast I saw the sea at work washing away Bulls Island.

So it is in Nature. Change, change, constant change. Much of it is so slow as not to be noticed, but we read the results from the signs that are left.

Not only does the face of the earth change, but what we grow there changes, too. We have about passed our age of exploitation. Now we strive to conserve and build the earth, for "new-grounds" have become few.

As in the rest of this country, our agriculture in South Carolina is not old. If we could turn back just 200 years, a very brief time in the life of a state or nation, I would be afraid to roam over South Carolina as I do now. For there would still be Indians scattered about.

Yet during this brief history, we have seen a number of important crops come and go. Many of our ancestors lived by indigo. Now I wouldn't know the plant if I saw it. Flax came, had its day, and went when a blight got in the soil. The farmer was on his own then, and he couldn't cope with such an adversity. So on he went to something else. Rice became the leading crop. But the freeing of the slaves staggered it, and it was finished off by a great storm that broke the dikes, and salted the fields. And there was no more slave labor to restore them.

Cotton was then growing in importance. It became an absolute king of crops, and occupied just about all of our best acres. Then, at last, it was hit by bad fortune. The boll weevil, the most destructive insect of all time, swarmed over the land. The county where I was then made 65,000 bales of cotton the year before it struck. The first year it invaded our fields in force we made 9,000 bales!

One is led to wonder why cotton did not go when great adversity hit it—adversity greater than that which had ruined crops in the past.

The answer seems to be that *science came to the rescue.* Cotton was changed. But it did not go. Our acreage in South Carolina, for instance, was cut from three million to one. But on that, all of the know-how of science was applied. We have doubled the average yield, and now make almost as much cotton as before.

In the time of those other great crops that came and went, we had no agricultural colleges with their experiment stations digging into farm problems. We had no agricultural workers who could give the farmer the findings of the experiment stations, the plant breeder, and the private investigator. Nor did we have cars and good roads to take us to far places where we could see a job being done better. And such things as farm magazines and bulletins were meager or non-existent.

Not so now. Science is at work, and near-miracles are being performed in the field. We have always had change in this agriculture of ours. But in our time it has been greatly hastened by many factors.

There was a time when the brightest youngsters generally sought the professions—not farming, for then it was a mule and a plow. That was all of the productive power one person could command. And you could hire a plowboy for six dollars a month.

But that, too, is changing, changing fast. Some time ago I was talking with two bright boys who were finishing their agricultural education here at Clemson. Both of them told me they were not looking for the good jobs that beckoned. They were headed back to their home farms. One said he planned to get straddle of the four-row outfit of his dad's, and with it he could make more than any job offered.

That is the biggest change that has come to agriculture in our time. Yes, a six-dollar-a-month plowboy could hold those plow handles up, follow the mule down the row, and

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acres of fish

By HENRY S. GALUS

OLD MR. GILLESPIE was scolding one of his young visitors from the opposite bank. "Now look, Timmy, don't you go fightin' with your sister just 'cause she caught one bigger'n yours. Put another 'hopper on Patsy's hook and see if you can't beat her like a real fisherman. There's plenty a whoppers in this pond."

Just then the *plop!* of another bass leaping from the ripples bore out his boast, and Timmy and his sister joined the chorus of shouts from two dozen other kids.

Mrs. Gillespie squeezed her husband's arm, shedding a tear that's exclusively female. "Bless them. You couldn't make them happier if you brought out a gallon of ice cream."

Sundays in Rock Cave aren't dull anymore for kids (including full-grown ones). Not since Gillespie turned his farmpond into a community recreation center.

Five years ago the West Virginia farmer, who believes in reaping maximum harvest from his land, figured that his one-acre pond could do more than water livestock and soil. He visited the regional Soil Conservation office to ask, "What kind of fish can I raise on my farm?"

"Bass and bluegills ought to breed faster than you can eat them," he was told.

Gillespie laughed, but within a year he found that the federal conservationist hadn't been joking. The pond was clustered with silver-bellied life when his wife suggested, "All that good food is going to waste when many of our neighbors could use it, and have a wagonful of fun besides."

They issued invitations to the townsfolk; and since that time some 50 to 60 rod-and-reelers have been sharing a catch of about 530 pounds of fish each year on the Gillespie tract. What fish they can't eat are stored thriftily in freezers.

How It All Began

This example of a successful new food-and-sport harvest is being repeated on thousands of farms and ranches. Close to 100,000 ponds, many of them formerly rank, muddy, and useless even for the primary purpose of irrigation, have been cleansed and stocked with millions of fish under the guidance of the Soil Conservation Service.

The plan originated just before World War II as a minor phase of the agency's soil- and water-saving program. Then the emphasis was on persuading farmers to construct dams to check erosion and to maintain a constant water supply because of a $68 million yearly fire loss on farms.

The Department of Agriculture stressed the importance, too, of a balanced diet to build strong, healthy rural youth. They issued the statement, "Fresh fish will introduce a high count of proteins and phosphorus into the farm family diet, along with pleasant variety."

But the idea didn't catch on as rapidly as expected. Pond owners who dumped in "hatchery babies" and tried raising them to edible maturity were mostly meeting with failure. The SCS discovered the biggest fault was an overeagerness to reap the water crop.

But the Service couldn't answer the "why" of several instances where certain species grew faster, slower, or not at all. Other fish died despite receiving meticulous care under instructions from the supplying hatcheries.

The puzzle was handed to the Alabama Agricultural Experiment Station. There, the fish culturists combined laboratory research with test-tube tours to actual pond sites. Mass studies supported the claim that, "A well-managed pond should yield 10 times as many fish as might be produced naturally." The pond could be a small one or several acres in size, so long as the owner kept it within bounds of control.

Getting Down to Work

When Bill Clark, with a half-acre pond, got "a hankerin' for some fish," he wisely followed the recommendations of the Alabama station:

- He killed off the wild fish population by putting the poison, rotenone, into his pond.
- Because weeds afford hiding places for the elusive bluegills on which bass must feed, the farmer tore out all the growth he could reach.
- Bill Clark then paddled across the water sprinkling common commercial fertilizer at various points. The mixture of nitrogen, phosphorus, potash, and other vital ingredients would discourage re-growth of weeds. Also, the fertilizer greatly boosts the underwater "pasturage" called algae. Though it can't be seen by the human eye, its mass accumulation provides an excellent breeding bed for tiny insects—the basic food required for fish survival.
- Next, Mr. Clark spilled in a ratio of 10 bluegill fingerlings to every bass, or 500 to 50 respectively. He knew the bass, which live by preying on other fish, would soon take care of the imbalance. And if they didn't—as he would learn by drawing a test net through the water in the following months — rotenone could again be broadcast along the pond edges to trim the overage.

Any pond can yield from 150 to 350 pounds of fish per acre, others 400 and

more. According to culturists of the Soil Conservation Service, the secret of continued high productivity is "hard and often" fishing. Curiously, the farmpond resembles a cattle pasture in the support it will or will not give life. The livestock farmer, for instance, uses pasture fertility for gauging the amount of beef he can realize. So, too, there exists a simple but uncanny accuracy between fish poundage and available underwater food. The more fish you hook out, the faster the remaining will grow and reproduce.

Fishermen Will Pay You

This self-compensation among pond population brings still another kind of success. Several states recently began advocating the charging of fees for fishpond privileges as a means of fattening the farmer's income. For example, people in the county were only too glad to pay $1 a day to a North Carolina farmer who, for only a one and one-half acre water tract, filed a tax statement of $800 last year.

In Kentucky and Ohio there are cases of more profitable activity where a greater yield is obtained by stocking ponds with catfish, carp, and buffaloes, and charging a fee to fish.

Sportsmen might be very interested at the prospect that their backyard could be made to produce an abundance of the irresistible trout. However, a Nevada rancher's luck was almost too good when he started a trout pond. The trout stretched to eight inches in a year, and were averaging a pound or more in the second. The rancher's wife, three children, friends, and the "college cowhands" he employs each summer just couldn't keep ahead of the supply.

An appeal was made to the regional soil office, "How can I get rid of all these surplus fish?"

"Why, *fish!*" was the reply.

When the rancher again told his troubles to his wife, she exclaimed, "This is the tourist season. Why not open a trout restaurant?"

The restaurant enterprise proved a bonanza from the start. But trouble again: the tourist season was slackening off—the trout weren't. In desperation, the pond was advertised to the public. It took droves of fishermen to finally level the trout to manageable numbers.

Want to Get Going?

The fishponds as food, fun, and profit sources are destined for unlimited popularity—one reason being the low cost of upkeep. Off to a balanced start, the pond will need little more than an occasional weeding. Fertilizer for culturing the bottom algae costs but $25 yearly per acre. State hatcheries offer the fingerlings free through the district soil conservationist after he is satisfied, or insures with his own technical help, that the pond will flip flappers into the frying pan instead of flopping.

The majority of an estimated 75,000 more water sites on U. S. rural lands could be developed to sustain fish life. But what if you lack a pond? The Soil Conservation Service wants to awaken the farmer's interest in building one wherever possible, for a significant reason: The livestock and irrigation water that can be furnished by a pond has often meant the difference between crop success and failure.

On this premise, and because not every farmer can afford the $200 to $2,000 construction cost, the Department of Agriculture grants assistance through a newly created fund in its subsidy plan. The Agricultural Conservation Program will shoulder as much as 70 percent of the digging expense. After completion of the job, the farmer has the liberty of altering the pond for many purposes that may include fishing.

Migrating Canadian ducks "stopping over" on a Colorado farm fishpond.

Wildlife and Fishponds

One unexpected result is now being recognized as a real contribution to our wildlife resources on many farms. Flocks of quail, doves, and pheasants are locating at the plentiful tap of drink and food.

Both the pond and the trees and shrubs around it make an ideal resting spot for migrating waterfowl. In case after case, ponds are giving life to one or two broods of wild duck each year. This encouraging scene across the nation is enough to win sportsmen's backing of the farm fishpond program.

Last year it was estimated that five ponds were developed for recreation to every one for food. In the ever-widening benefits of the farmer's new harvest, however, there is that dormant one which someday may surpass all others in value. After studying the progress of over 5,000 fishponds in the midwest for the Soil Conservation Service, a serious aspect is reported:

"Fish production is an important use of land and water resources today. As the population of the U. S. increases, and national resources become further depleted, making better use of the available water may become an even more important part of a future conservation program. Ponds may become a very significant food source for the nation."

A spring-fed pond in Colorado produces rainbow trout 9-12 inches long in just one year. These beauties are ready for the pan—a good day's work.

Lone Star Rancher

By J. A. Hart

LAST SEPTEMBER a young Texas FFA boy, dressed in jeans, checked shirt, and high-heeled boots, inched along in the registration line at Tarleton State College. He carried his rolled brimmed Western hat under his arm and mopped the perspiration from his forehead.

At 19, Joe Auld, Jr. was already a successful rancher. Near Kerrville, out in the beautiful Texas hill country, stretched his 2,000 acres, well-stocked with cattle, sheep, and goats. And Joe was a little worried. It wasn't the money he was spending to come to college. It was the money he was losing by being away from his ranch.

Young Joe grew up on his father's ranch. He has been in FFA work since he was a freshman in Kerrville High School. That year he made the poultry judging team.

Joe's FFA accomplishments have been diversified. As a high school sophomore he was on the FFA grass judging team which went to the state fair. There the Kerrville boy was high individual. "I was proud of that, but a little disappointed, too," he says. "This eliminated me from future contests with my team, which later went to Houston, San Antonio, and Fort Worth." That year Joe was also on the dairy judging team.

In his junior year he was on the livestock judging team. He was the second high individual in the state, and his team came in fourth. In his senior year he was on the meat judging team and won second in the state.

Joe was really busy in high school. He lettered two years in football and captained his basketball team. President of the National Honor Society of his high school, he was also a member of the student council and was voted "all-round" boy one year. Joe was valedictorian of his high school class.

In between all of this, Joe found time to help his father operate a 20,000-acre ranch. He worked on week ends and during summer vacations. He did and still does general work, looking after stock, treating for screw worms, working on improvements, repairing and maintaining fences.

For five years now, Joe has entered individually in the judging contests at the Sonora Wool and Mohair Show. In 1951 Joe showed the grand champion fleece of wool in this show. "My dad was very proud of this," he says. Last summer he was high individual in judging goats, sheep, wool fleeces, and mohair fleeces.

Several years ago Joe's father gave him 1,739 acres, and last Christmas the young rancher added 640 acres of his own. Together he and his father run Hereford cattle, Rambouillet sheep, and Angora goats. They keep about 20 quarter horses for working their stock. They are very proud of the fact that buyers purchase their clips of wool sight unseen.

The Aulds' worst problem right now is labor. And if this gets much worse, Joe may have to stay at home next year.

Like most FFA boys, Joe loves to hunt. Every year since he was seven, he has killed a deer. But he is very careful always to get a fat young buck. For he and his father do not hunt for beautiful antlers. They kill only for meat, and a young four-pointer is usually the best for this.

Most of Joe's hunting now has to be done during vacations from Tarleton State College, where he is taking an agricultural administration course. He particularly likes his zoology and animal husbandry classes. But the one course that will be worth the time and money when he returns to full-time management of his ranch is his class in record-keeping. To know how to keep accurate records will save both time and money, he says.

Joe hasn't stopped his FFA work now that he's in college. He is now a member of the Tarleton FFA Collegiate Chapter and recently won out over dozens of applicants for a place on his college livestock judging team.

Both the Lions Club and the Rotary Club at Stephenville, where Tarleton State College is located, recently honored Lone Star rancher Joe Auld, Jr., as an outstanding college student.

Trail to the Clouds

By LEE YEAGER
Colorado Wildlife Research

MONTROSE, COLORADO, surrounded by the semi-desert of the Uncompahgre Valley, is in sheep and cattle country. The third and fourth generation of stockmen are now running critters on this arid shrub and the adjacent mountain range. Their sons, ranch-born, are saddle-wise at five, summer-range herders at 14, and ag students, with consuming interests in livestock, during teen-age.

It is not surprising, then, that this thriving county seat should turn out the ridingest chapter of Future Farmers of America.

Three years ago, as a reward for accomplishments in FFA work, D. M. Clark, advisor in the Montrose High School, proposed a pack trip into the San Juan Mountains, 35 miles to the south. His 70-odd FFA'ers tied him up on the idea, and during the second week in August, 1949, a group rode and roped and wrangled with such enthusiasm over 12,500-foot trails that it made big local news. A repeat in 1950 attracted national attention; and the five-day pack in 1951 was the longest, highest, and, from the boys' standpoint, the best of the three.

As for several of us, invited to take the ride . . .

"A he-man trip!" said Douglas Gilbert on the morning of the last day. He is a technician for the Colorado Game and Fish Department, and grew up in mountain range.

Joe Hessel, U. S. Forest Service, Region II, agreed. "Brother!" he said. He has a dozen years of camping and packing experience in Western forests.

The Executive Secretary of the Colorado FFA, Irwin Elliott, sat gently on a soft pack in the cook tent. Mel Adams, advisor in Greeley, Marvin Linson, same for Fort Morgan, and this reporter, were not sitting that fourth morning. The 30 horses and 9 pack mules were weary, too!

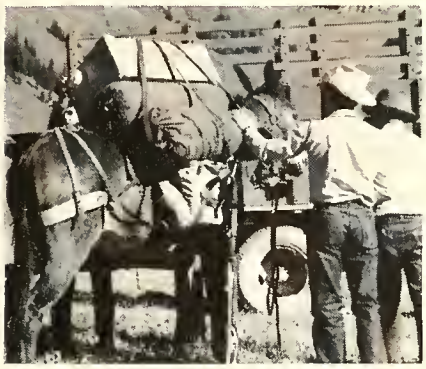
But the boys were gay. We had camped the evening before well above timberline, packing wood from a stunted spruce thicket 1,000 feet below. During the night a half-inch of ice had frozen in the water pails, and our sleeping bags had frosted white. But at dawn 12 FFA'ers had slipped out of warm covers to make fires, bring water, and prepare breakfast; and five wranglers had ridden out before the KPs were up. Returning with the first bunch of horses, they traded standard range insults with those reduced to the menial status of woodchopper and cook.

But weathering the first four days gave us softer folk a feeling of satisfaction. We had viewed majestic mountain scenery, discussed high-country range and water conditions, and shared exciting trail experiences, some of which had bordered on disaster at the edge of 1,500-foot cliffs. Now, it was nearing time to relive the trip.

(*Continued on page* 26)

Colorado Future Farmers riding a steep, rocky trail through the land in the clouds.

Everybody pitches in to get the animals and equipment ready for the trip.



A last minute check on the pack and straps before starting up the trail.

As the pack train winds closer and closer to the top, the going becomes much rougher and it takes sure-footed animals and good riders to keep on the trail.

The long, hard ride up the trail is over now, and the quiet pasture land is a restful scene to the tired and weary campers.

(*Continued from page 24*)

Ouray, our take-off point, is at elevation 7,800 feet. Mountain sheep graze inside the city limits during severe winters. Two miles south and 1,600 feet higher up, we turned into the Bear Creek Trail where it hits Highway 550. A little farther south is the source of the Uncompahgre River, so named by the Utes to signify vague and mysterious remoteness among mountain peaks—a setting appropriate indeed for the ride we began in mid-August, 1951.

Riding eastwardly, we arrived at American Flats, an alpine meadow above 12,000 feet, about noon. Two hours later we pulled up at the forks of the Animas River, near timberline, for lunch. The meal was a little tame, however, because we didn't take time for a campfire. Food and packs were hauled up to this assembly point by truck.

While we were eating our sandwiches, the second pack string, led by Emery Holman and his son, came over the treeless horizon to the northeast, and a half-hour later dropped reins among our now unsaddled and hobbled horses. Before lunch was over, Bernard and Earnest Chuchuru, brothers, 19 and 20, French Basque sheepmen and ex-FFA'ers, began packing. Holman and son lent experienced hands, and an hour later, despite the necessity of roping two recalcitrant horses, the nine mules and two geldings were loaded and headed toward still higher country northeastward.

The trail that afternoon climbed a steep, treeless, little valley that led up to a narrow saddle capped by slide-rock at 13,000 feet. Over the rim the trail dropped down to a 12,500-foot mountain meadow, headwaters of Cottonwood Creek, where we made an after-sundown camp by a small lake.

But I am glossing over the saddle of slide-rock. My horse, a strong ranch mare, was second in the line following the string of four pack mules led by Earnest Chuchuru. She didn't like the loose rock, which began at a snowbank and extended all the way to the rim. The only way over was to follow the faint, zigzag trail over the 400 yards of steep, sliding rubble. It was 30 miles around! Halfway up, Ginger, tired or scared, all but sat down on the trail. I dismounted hastily and, holding with one hand to high-piled rock and pulling on the reins with the other, I finally managed to get her out on top.

Most of the boys rode over without mishap, but one other saddle horse and one pack animal literally had to be pushed along. The last man and horse walked into camp after dark, dead tired but ready to eat. I remember that supper now: hot soup, hot corned beef, hot stewed corn, and gallons of steaming coffee. Ice froze in the water buckets that night.

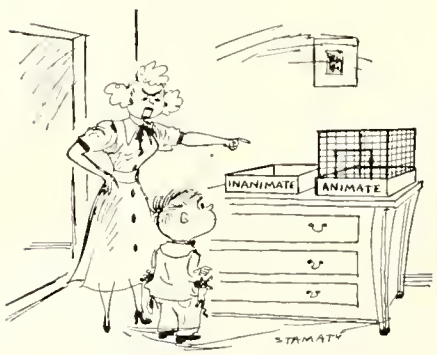
Late into camp and late to sack up was no excuse for late rising. Cooks, woodchoppers, and wranglers turned out at daybreak. By sunup a half-dozen of the boys had ridden, bareback, for miles rounding up hobbled but straying stock. Saddling and packing began immediately after an outdoorman's breakfast of oatmeal, bacon and eggs, and coffee.

Two and one-half hours after turning out, we were ready to ride—and if this seems a little slow, remember that the boys had to round up 39 horses and mules, eat, and then pack bedrolls and duffles for 28 persons, two cook tents and two sheepherder's stoves, with pipe, 20-odd rod cases and fishing kits, cooking gear, axes, cots, and tarps.

Remember, too, that the actual packing was done by the two Chuchurus and the two Holmans, with such help as could be given by 17 larking boys and the hindrance contributed by several sore and creaking guests! That the gang could break camp in less than three hours is an accomplishment that must be credited to the quiet supervision of D. M. Clark, and to the trail-wise experience and horsemanship of most of those on the trip.

The weather held perfect on the second day. There was a blazing sun, and on the ridges a cold wind swept down on the crags to the north and west. Office-pale faces reddened and later began to crack; packers and FFA'ers merely showed blackened lips. I know now why stockmen generally lean to ten-gallon hats!

The trail crossed some of the highest mountain meadows in North America, far above timberline and, at times, above even the inch-high tundra-like vegetation. On the ridges we needed heavy jackets even at midday. Lunch was at the head of Maggie's Gulch, cooked with sticks picked up around an old sheep camp.



"Here's where you empty your pockets."

It was my first taste of mutton fried, sheepherder style, over an open fire; but I had eaten potatoes fried with onions many times before. Grub, old or new, and hot coffee, never tasted better. To most of the boys, and of course the packers, it was regular fare.

We reached knee-high willows, and then stunted trees toward mid-afternoon. About four o'clock, at the edge of an open stand of spruce and fir—two miles below the headwaters of the Rio Grande—we stopped and set up camp. It was a special event, for this was to be a two-night stop, with a day of rest and fishing in between.

But what did D. M. Clark, Joe Hessel, Frank Smith, Douglas Gilbert, the packers, and all of the boys except those on KP elect to do? Ride! Twelve miles up and over the Continental Divide down to Ute Lake, and then 12 miles back to camp! The fishing, they found, was not too good, but they came back with a basketful of native cutthroat trout. The fishing, for that matter, was not too good in the Rio Grande, but by working hard all day I took 20 small ones from this famous river.

So the next morning we had trout for breakfast. Two 11-inchers, fried potatoes, coffee, bread and raspberry jam fortified me for the fourth day. Others prepared in similar manner. We broke camp and rode more or less southward to the Animas River, where we cooked lunch in the old ghost town of Eureka. Men and boys alike explored the crumbling log cabins and the six-level ore mill on a mountain side just above the stream. That night, after a short seven-mile ride, we camped near the source of the Animas, easily 1,000 feet above the most stunted trees.

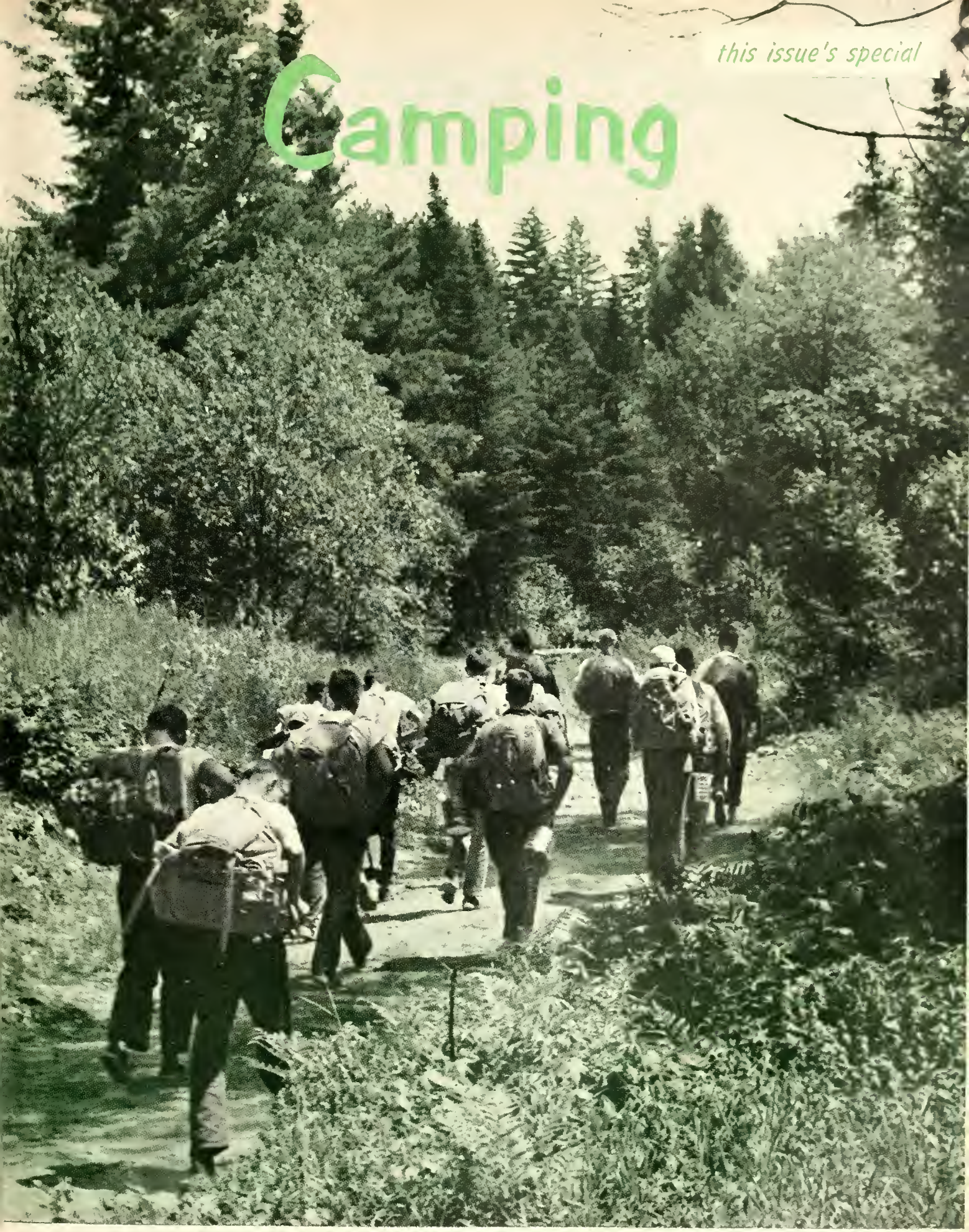
On the last morning the boys showed some excitement at the prospect of riding the Horsethief Trail back to Ouray, although most of them had ridden it before. This was the most rugged stretch of the trip, covering a route used by early-day rustlers to drive stolen stock back into the mountains. Five hours down, and the third FFA pack was over.

Now, while I am writing this, and intermittently peeling strips of blackened skin off my face and ears, I am thinking of several things. Mostly, though, it's about boys, still in high school, learning to be better farmers and stockmen; boys, on horseback, doing the work of men; boys, and men too, afield, becoming more fully aware of the incalculable value of our Western range, and the need for managing it for posterity. American youth, and America, herself, is not softening where these things are going on.

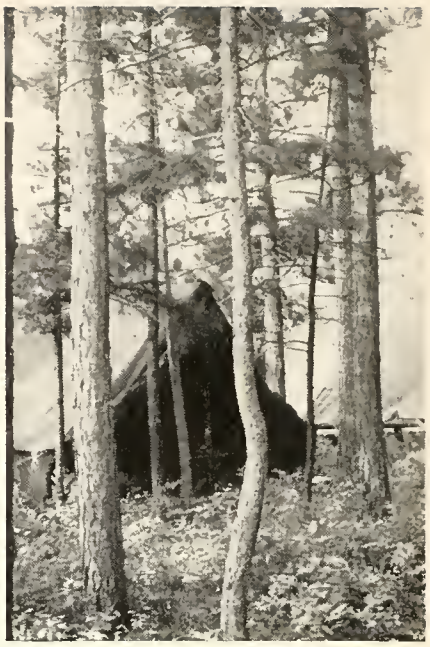
❖ ❖ ❖

this issue's special

Camping



. . . hiking, fishing, swimming, and other camp activities always mean good times and pleasant memories for many Future Farmers



Some of the tent groups are in such secluded areas that they can only be reached by boat.

camping at OSWEGATCHIE

By HAROLD L. NOAKES
Camp Director

IN NEW YORK, many Future Farmers are looking forward to the good times they'll have at Camp Oswegatchie this summer. Oswegatchie, the state FFA camp, is a 1,000-acre vacationland in the western foothills of the Adirondack Mountains.

Located at the headwaters of Oswegatchie River, the camp surrounds three lakes, the largest nearly two miles long and about one-fourth of a mile wide.

For those who love the water there's swimming, fishing, boating, and canoeing. Hikers can trek the camp's forest trails that lead to out-of-the-way campsites, observation towers, waterfalls, and remote ponds.

And every boy can form friends and

These Future Farmers are planting jack pine under the watchful eye of a vo-ag teacher. During their week's stay in camp, teachers often act as counselors.

Boys and teachers are shown how to use a topographic map and compass.

In a canoe bucket race, the boys don't mind getting splashed and soaked. Water contests and sports are popular types of recreation at Oswegatchie, the state FFA camp.

be in on the group activities.

Oswegatchie is in operation for seven one-week periods during the summer. At the beginning of the season, it is used for leadership training sessions by both the Future Farmers and Future Homemakers. Then approximately 600 FFA campers take over for the rest of the time.

Each boy is assigned to a camp-chapter when he arrives. These chapters are groups of tents on various points of land extending out into the lakes. Boys living in secluded areas travel to the main lodge by boat and cook many of their meals at their campsites.

When each camp-chapter has assembled, the boys select officers and plan a program of activities for the week. Camp policy permits every chapter to schedule its own activities, and eating and swimming are the only events with a definite timetable.

In addition to chapter functions like hiking and camping, an activity program includes interchapter events like softball, volleyball, and campfires and all-camp events such as barbecues, rodeos, water carnivals, and evening campfire programs.

Camp courses, in keeping with the rustic location, emphasize conservation of resources, wood lot management, woodcraft, and proper camping procedure.

Oswegatchie was purchased in 1936 with funds contributed by local chapters. Money to maintain the camp comes from three sources: summer camp fees, which pay all operating costs; funds from individual dues collected by the state FFA association; and contributions of local chapters, individuals, and agricultural organizations.

Many specific items including boats, canoes, and recreational equipment have been donated by county FFA groups.

Oswegatchie is supervised by a board of trustees elected jointly by the state association and vocational agriculture teachers. The camp's personnel consists of a director, nurse, secretary, cook, assistant cook, waterfront director, and maintenance man. Ag teachers serve as counselors during their week's stay.

A feature popular with the boys is a KP "campership," which is awarded to several boys each week. The "camperships" pay the camp fees of two or three boys who can swap part of their daily fun for duty in the kitchen and dining room.

Appetites are always bigger at Oswegatchie, but there is plenty of good food to fill up the hungry campers.

Future Homemakers catch a good tan as they canoe on the Oswegatchie River during their two weeks at the camp.

special

special

learning and doing AT CAMP

By Robert T. Rupp

BE A FUTURE FARMER and you're lucky. Be a Future Farmer in Minnesota and you're double lucky—you can get part of your education amid beautiful northern forests bordering a 93-acre lake.

The state FFA camp in Superior National Forest is the setting. Here various groups interested in Future Farmers provide courses in subjects such as forest management, wild life conservation, lifesaving, and first aid.

Last season, for example, the Keep Minnesota Green Committee sponsored a forestry and conservation institute. Thirty-five boys went through a week of training in elementary forestry problems under the direction of KMG's Executive Director, Hugh Bennett.

Aided by rangers and University of Minnesota instructors, the boys studied tree identification, fire fighting and protection, location of fires from lookout towers, two-way radio communication, timber marking, wood conversion, and paper making.

On one field trip they went through the Minnesota and Ontario paper mill at International Falls and dined at a logging camp. Sitting down to a lumberjack table spread with 18 food items—including steaks the size of a dinner plate—was a high point in the week's events.

Such courses in forestry and farm safety are supplemented by sports and other recreational activities. One of the camp's most popular pastimes is relaxing in the sauna or Finnish bath—a frame building with a dressing room, steam room, and shower.

A typical sauna is built of wood, preferably hewed logs carefully fitted together. Many are built without chimneys but have an inside hearth of rocks. The camp's modern sauna includes a three-level platform, containers for hot and cold water, a hot water tank, cold water plumbing, a number of switches or whisks, (leafy birch or cedar twigs tied together), and a cast-iron stove with stones piled on its top and sides.

After the fire burns out and the outlining stones are hot, the bathers pour water over these rocks to get the necessary amount of steam for a good sweat.

When perspiration has started, the boys switch themselves lightly with birch or cedar boughs to tone up their muscles. Then comes the soaping and washing followed by a rinsing in Lake Arrowhead or under nearby showers.

The steam room can be used by 10 to 12 boys at one time. The temperature, which runs about 170 to 250 degrees, is regulated by the amount of water poured on the hot rocks.

Looking over the tidy buildings and grounds, one would hardly believe that the camp was in need of major repairs only three years ago. At that time, the Future Farmers obtained a ten-year lease on the 230 acres from the State Conservation Department. The camp had passed from its original owner into the hands of the St. Louis County Board of Education, which had turned it over to the Conserva-

Top man on the stick will get first crack at choosing up his ball team.

Ceremonies in 1952 dedicating Lake Arrowhead as Minnesota's state FFA camp. The neat and attractive camp needed major repairs before the FFA leased it.

It takes plenty of power to wham a volleyball over the net. From the power put into this high shot, it looks like the other side is in for a hard time.

tion Department in 1950.

As soon as the Future Farmers had the lease they went to work. Plans were developed and a camp staff organized. Groups like the Minnesota Department of Conservation, Minnesota Association of Cooperatives, and the Keep Minnesota Green Committee pitched in to help.

During June of the following year, 30 Future Farmers came to camp for a week's vacation, and the next summer Lake Arrowhead was officially dedicated as the state FFA camp by Governor C. Elmer Anderson.

Many FFA chapters have donated funds, labor, and equipment toward camp improvement. A complete renovation job has been accomplished, and electric lights put into the buildings—a main lodge, six cabins, a sauna, dressing rooms, and a garage—and the yard outside the main lodge.

The Hibbing public schools furnished a diving board, and the Minnesota Lake Chapter gave the camp a 200-pound iron bell—which they had salvaged from an old school house—and a sign for the camp entrance.

Other improvements include two large new athletic fields for softball, baseball, volleyball, basketball, and horseshoes.

Enough money has been raised by the boys and interested groups to equip each cabin with a boat. Future Homemakers chipped in and bought one of them, and FHA girls are allowed to use the camp's facilities for a two-week period during August.

There is one special week on the camp's seasonal calendar set aside for FFA leadership and training. Usually early in the season, it is a work session to get new state and district officers better acquainted with their jobs for the coming year.

It is also a good shakedown for camp personnel to help them get everything shipshape for another busy season.

Last year camp personnel included a superintendent, recreational director, chief cook, two counselors, and a maintenance man.

Most operating funds come from district and state FFA associations, the Iron Range Resources Commission, and Sears Foundation. Camp scholarships are contributed by interested organizations.

For their part, the boys contribute $2.50 a day for meals and lodging—and receive an outdoor education.

I wonder what kind of sound this old school bell would make if I rang it?

These serious-looking boys are waiting for an important event—chow call.

special

special

Training Forest Farmers

By T. L. FAULKNER
Executive Secretary
Alabama FFA Association

Planting pine seedlings is one of the many activities of Alabama Future Farmers who attend the FFA forestry camp in Valley Creek State Park.

IF ALABAMA Future Farmers are putting more into their forest projects, there's a good reason why. Each summer, about 100 boys having the most interest and ability in their work are sent to the FFA forestry camp in Valley Creek State Park.

The boys selected can look forward to a week of practical forestry instruction combined with all the fun and fellowship of a summer camp.

There are plenty of things to learn from the experts—identifying valuable trees; preventing and controlling forest fires; harvesting, utilizing, and marketing forest products; managing timberland; practicing farm safety; and administering first-aid.

In the tree identification course, Future Farmers learn the types of commercial timber and how they are used. They are also taught to identify poisonous shrubs and plants.

Foresters show the boys how to keep a fire from starting and how to fight a fire that has gained a toe hold on a stand of timber. They dem-

Future Farmers being briefed on the afternoon's schedule as they finish their lunch. Courses in farm safety and first aid are on the program.

Time out from forestry training for some fun in the camp's large lake.

Knowing how to make a fire path can be very valuable information in a crisis.

onstrate the correct way to use the various types of fire-fighting equipment needed for the job, and the boys wind up the course with a hike to the Valley Creek lookout tower.

Lumbermen and foresters point out the best methods for making pulpwood, pikes, sawlogs, and crossties. They also show the boys good cutting and logging practices, care of timber, and treatment of fence posts. On the business end of the line, the future foresters are taught how to sell lumber by contract. They also visit a neighboring lumber mill.

In the timber management course, the boys learn to understand volume tables and log rules and develop a working knowledge of forest tools like the caliper, diameter tape, increment borer, and Biltmore stick. But, most important of all, they come to realize the value of properly managed forests and wood lots.

The farm safety course teaches the Future Farmers to prevent accidents. But, should an accident occur, their first-aid instruction will be of great value.

After the forestry instruction, there are games and contests and fun. The camp's 100-acre lake is ideal for relays, log-rolling and water-jousting contests in addition to boating, fishing, and swimming. Other competitions are held in hog calling, wood chopping, and log sawing.

Favorite spare-time sports are volleyball, tennis, badminton, baseball, softball, horseshoes, box hockey, and ping pong, with archery and rifle shooting as added attractions.

And, to top everything, there's a relaxing movie after the full day's activities.

The camp is administered by the Division of Forestry of the Alabama Department of Conservation, and five vo-ag teachers are selected to assist in its operation each summer.

The Selma YMCA leases the camp, and the Southern Pulpwood Conservation Association and its member mills, through $400 contributions, make FFA forestry training week possible.

During the week of forestry camp, Alabama Future Farmers are taught to use various types of fire-fighting equipment and to keep a fire from spreading.

National Judging Contests

NOW IS THE TIME FOR . . . Future Farmers to work towards those national judging contests in October. Last year, 176 state winning teams took part in the five national contests, and there's room for 250 teams this year.

Here's the when and where on the 1953 contests:

WATERLOO, IOWA

Monday, October 5

9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.—Registration of dairy cattle and dairy products contestants at YMCA.

6:30 p.m.—Coaches and officials of dairy cattle contest meet at YMCA.

Tuesday, October 6

9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.—Registration of dairy products contestants at YMCA.

1:00 p.m.—Dairy cattle contest at dairy cattle congress.

6:30 p.m.—Coaches and officials of dairy products contests meet at YMCA.

Wednesday, October 7

8:00 a.m.—Dairy products contest at Carnation plant.

6:00 p.m.—Banquet and report on contests at Tavern-on-the-Green.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Tuesday, October 13

9:00 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.—Registration of meats, poultry, and livestock contestants at Municipal Auditorium.

3:00 p.m.—Coaches and officials of meats and poultry contests meet in Walnut Room of President Hotel.

Wednesday, October 14

8:00 a.m.—Meats contest at Swift packing plant.

9:00 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.—Registration of livestock contestants at Municipal Auditorium.

12:30 p.m.—Poultry contest at Municipal Auditorium annex.

3:00 p.m.—Coaches and officials of livestock contest meet at President Hotel.

Thursday, October 15

7:00 a.m.—Livestock contest at American Royal arena and stockyards.

Friday, October 16

7:30 a.m.—Breakfast and report on contests at President Hotel.

special

Mountain Camping

By GEORGE P. COUPER
Assistant State Advisor, California

AT THE BASE of a mountain wilderness too thick for modern transportation lies the summer camping ground of the California FFA.

Here Future Farmers spread their sleeping bags, cooking equipment, and fishing gear before hitting the trail to the "far back country" of the High Sierras.

Pack-horse outfits are available not far from the camp, and week-long trips into the rugged mountain country can be arranged.

Future Farmers bring along their fishing equipment, which gets a workout in the mountain streams and lakes filled with trout.

Camp facilities can be used without charge. To obtain a site, a local advisor merely notifies the state office of the time he will attend the camp and the number of boys he will have with him.

If the chapter has never used the camp before, it is assigned a "work project." These projects include constructing rock masonry cooking units, rugged table and bench sets, latrines, and Forest Service signs made of redwood plank material.

The state office pays for the materials used, but a number of chapters have donated the units they constructed.

The camp has no caretaker and no director. Directions are printed for each work project, and locations are identified by marked white stakes.

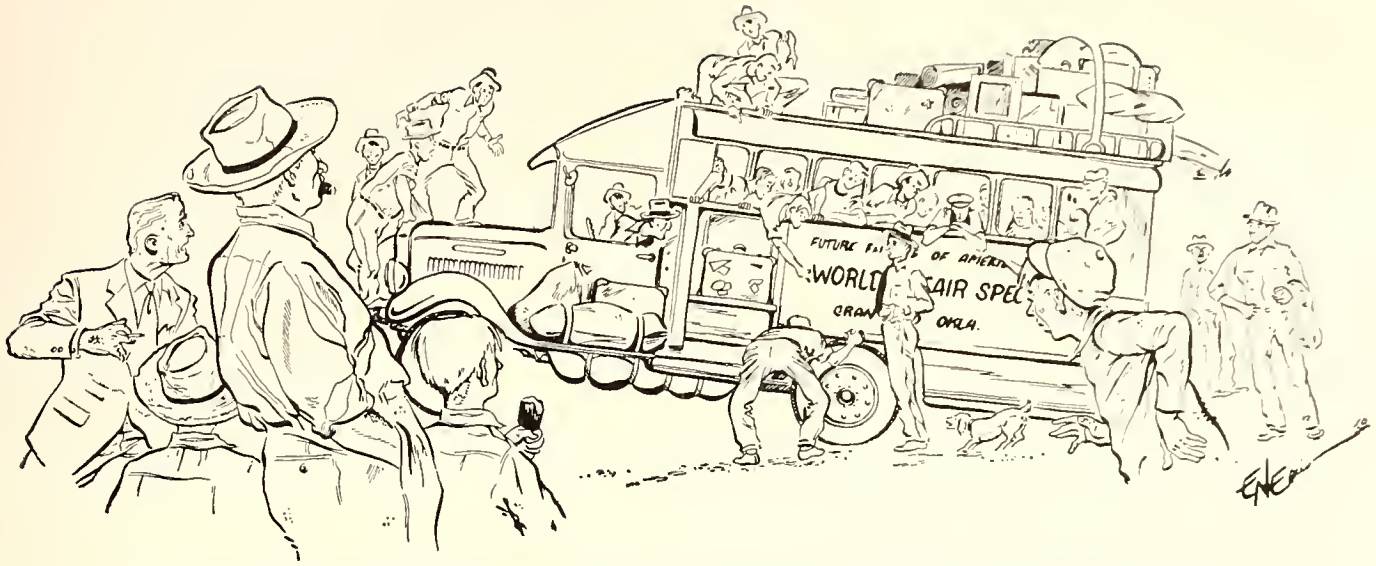
The camping ground, which includes pine and fir timber, a grass-covered meadow, and a rushing stream, is leased annually from the Forest Service. A twenty-year lease will be drawn up as soon as the agency makes a map of the property and proposed improvements.

The camping area opens in May and closes around Labor Day. Last year, however, it was not available until mid-summer because snow blanketed the ground up to July.

This huge boulder, left by the great glacier that once covered this entire mountain area, now overlooks the site of the California FFA forest camp.

This rustic sign of redwood planks standing at the entrance of California's state forest camp was erected by members of the Madera FFA Chapter.

Near the camp, numerous chain lakes and rushing mountain streams add beauty and contribute many trout to the frying pans of Future Farmers.



Packed to the gills and bulging on all sides, the old bus gave a loud groan . . . then the back end settled to the ground while the front wheels rose slowly skyward.

World's Travelingest FFA

By JACK PUTMAN

Oklahoma FFA Executive Secretary

THE GRANDFIELD, OKLAHOMA, FFA claims the title, "World's Travelingest FFA Chapter." That's what the big sign on the side of the chapter's travel bus says, and the records bear it out.

In past years, the chapter has attended two world fairs and the San Francisco Exposition, and has made dozens of lesser trips through 40 states. Last year it was to Florida. And you can bet your life when vacation time rolls around this summer, the Grandfield boys will be off on another cross-country jaunt.

The chapter advisor, William E. Brown, who has taught vocational agriculture in Oklahoma 30 years, is the instigator of the chapter trips. He took his first FFA chapter on a vacation trip through Oklahoma while teaching at Friend School back in the 1920's. That first trip proved so popular he made it an annual affair.

The most recent trips have been made in a school bus which the boys built themselves. The chassis was a gift from the Grandfield Chamber of Commerce; the body was taken from a discarded bus. When it was painted and upholstered, the chapter had its own means of transportation.

The comforts of a modern bus were not known to the farm boys who made those early trips, however. They were made in a trailer, hooked on behind Brown's car. The boys rode in the trailer, while Mr. and Mrs. Brown rode up front in the car.

Mrs. Brown has made all the chapter trips. She was "chief cook" on the first trips when the group cooked their food on the road. "I used to put some of the boys on KP, and we got along fine," Mrs. Brown recalls.

When Brown came to Grandfield in 1931, a Model-T truck was used to make the first trip. It made the trip to the Chicago World Fair in 1934.

"When we made the trip to Chicago, we had 34 boys in the party with all the cooking equipment, food, bedding, and other supplies," Brown remembers. "It was necessary to build a six-foot extension on the back of the truck to hold it all.

"When we got in to go, we had so much weight on the back that it raised the front wheels off the ground! We had to shift the load before we could start."

Other journeys the Future Farmers have made include two to Mexico, one to New Orleans and Galveston, and one to California. The boys vote on the destination, and they don't always vote the way their advisor plans it.

In fact, one year Brown secretly wanted to go to New York—even had the route mapped. But when he put it to a vote of the boys, they chose California! They did go to New York, and Canada too, later, however.

On a trip the route is mapped to include as many points of interest as possible. The selected route is usually followed closely, but time schedules generally "go out the window."

"We stop when we feel like it," Brown said. "We never try to be anywhere on any certain date. That does away with a lot of worry."

Each boy pays his own expenses, and usually spends less than he would if he had stayed at home. The trip to California, for instance, cost the boys only $10 each.

Brown has had the urge to travel as long as he can remember. He joined the Navy "to see the world" the day after he graduated from high school in 1917. But all he saw of the world was through a hospital window at Providence, Rhode Island, where he was stationed in the medical corps.

He—and hundreds of FFA boys who have gone through his vocational agriculture classes in the last 30 years—have made up for it since then.

THE 5th PLATE

By BILL PRINCE

MANY PEOPLE take their food supply for granted. It is always delivered to the door, or available at the grocery store. Although it would not seem so at first glance, this is a tribute to the farmers of the United States—and a challenge to the Future Farmers of America.

In the Winter issue of *The National FUTURE FARMER* we outlined briefly just what we must produce by 1975 to meet this challenge. Now let's talk about how we can do it.

The total acreage in crop land has changed little since World War I, and, although yields have increased, it was not until 1936 that production began to go up rapidly. Many things contributed to the rapid increase we have enjoyed in recent years, and these point to the solution of how we can fill the 5th plate which will be on your table in 1975.

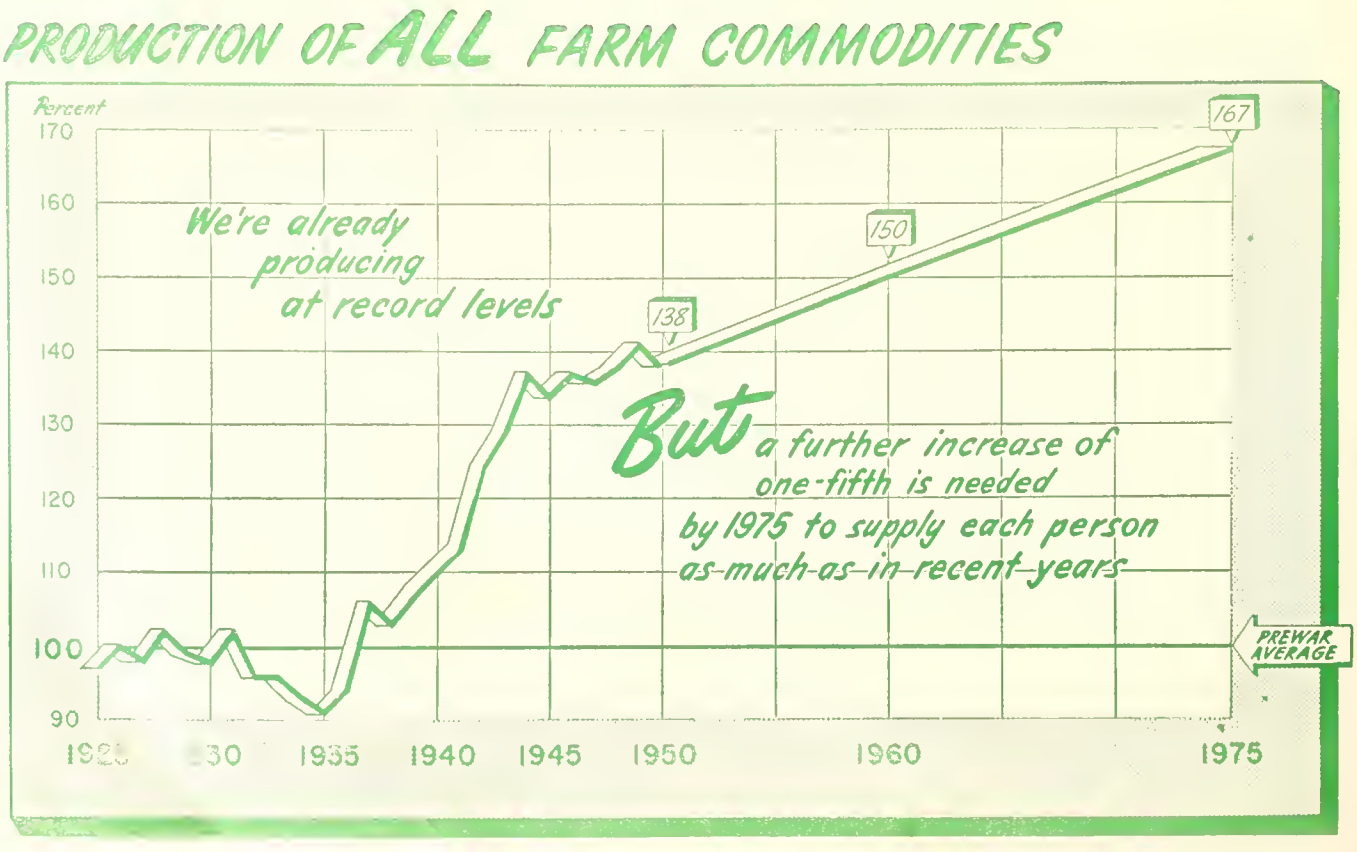
Conservation farming was the biggest contributor. But many other things also helped: Improved crop varieties, much greater use of lime and fertilizers, better control of pests, development of weed killers, the increase and improvement of farm machinery, expansion of electricity to rural areas, etc.

In the case of livestock, the number of breeding units has increased because of conservation, improved grasslands and forage, and better breeds. Naturally, a more favorable level of farm prices, credit at reasonable rates, and better trained farmers also contributed to the high production of recent years.

Present-day farming, to be successful, requires a large investment in land, machinery, electrical equipment, livestock, seeds, fertilizers, and chemicals. Furthermore, a farmer can rely on no one thing for success. He must take advantage of every opportunity that may mean even a slight increase in his production. Intelligent work, research, practical experience, and education pay off for the farmer today. They will continue to pay off in the future.

It is plain that we must continue to build up our present acres to take care of the expanding population, which will probably be 200 million by 1975. It is no longer possible to move farther west and open up new farms—unless we start fish farming in the Pacific!

There is land that can be salvaged from the millions of acres that are now eroded beyond use, but this is a long



process that does not promise quick results or fast profits. This land is relatively cheap, so not much initial investment is needed. In this area alone, the Future Farmers of America can make an outstanding contribution to the welfare of the United States by the practical application of what they are learning about grass land farming and conservation methods.

Good legume crops are essential to soil improvement. The application of lime corrects the deficiency of calcium in soil, which is needed for legume hay and pasture growth.

In the eastern half of the United States, through experiments conducted by the USDA, it was found that one ton of lime was responsible for an additional four-fifths of a ton of hay or pasture forage in one year. No account is taken of the advantages during the second and third year for this single application of lime—when the response is practically as great as the first year.

The use of phosphate on hay and pasture land has greatly increased yields, and annual use of phosphate still needs to be increased three times the present three million tons used, according to soil scientists.

Hay and pasture supply nearly half of the total feed for *all* livestock, and more than 60 percent of the feed for dairy cattle. Grass supplies nearly 75 percent of the feed for beef cattle, and 90 percent of the feed for sheep and goats. By improving pastures, one acre will do the work which is now being done by two acres or more.

In crop land the yield from turning under a good green manure crop (legumes) has increased by an average of 10 to 12 bushels of corn per acre—and there is still much to be gained from this, although 250 million acres have been turned under since 1935. Growing legumes is the way farmers produce their own nitrogen fertilizer.

Dr. Emil Truog, of the University of Wisconsin, has said, "In the atmosphere over every acre of land are, in round numbers, 35,000 tons of nitrogen . . . How can the farmer draw upon this? He can do so by growing legumes which, when properly inoculated and grown on land supplied with lime and mineral nutrients, have the power of fixing atmospheric nitrogen, and passing it on to other plants as well as animals."

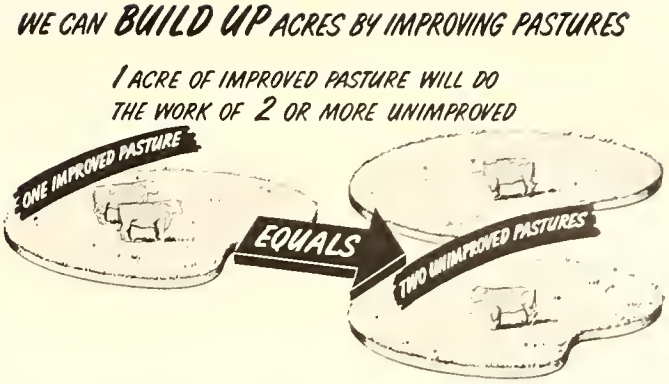
Contouring and terracing boost corn yields about 5 bushels per acre. There is no question that soil moisture and fertility go hand in hand for most effective production. Farming on the contour, strip cropping, and terracing can reduce the loss of moisture, prevent erosion, and increase yields on millions of acres of land. Here, too, lies a field in which the FFA can materially increase the resources of the nation.

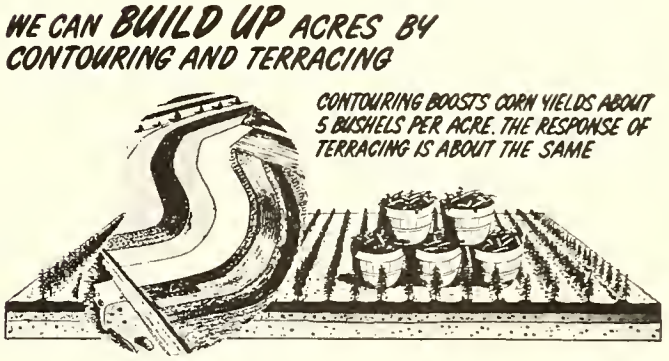
The goal of conservation is very seldom achieved by any single practice. Used in combination, both the farmer and the public receive the greatest value. The same could be said for using the service of any single government agency concerned with agriculture.

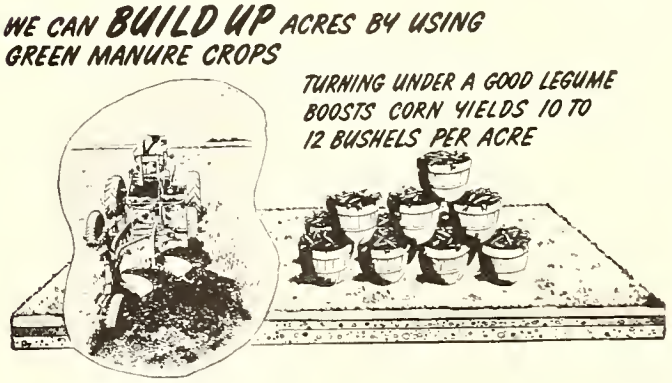
You may say now that there is nothing basically new in any of the methods we have pointed out to increase production. That is true. Yet many farmers are not taking advantage of the methods—even after knowing them for 30 years! Look around you, and this is plainly seen.

Let us point out that the estimates of needed production in the preceding article were conservative. Your future lies in the application of all ideas and methods that will increase the production of the land you farm. Let us remind you, too, that with you lies the future of farming—and therefore the future of the United States. What will be your stake in this future?

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the second of two articles concerning your future in farming by Mr. Prince, from material and illustrations furnished by the USDA.*)


WE CAN BUILD UP ACRES BY IMPROVING PASTURES
1 ACRE OF IMPROVED PASTURE WILL DO THE WORK OF 2 OR MORE UNIMPROVED
ONE IMPROVED PASTURE
EQUALS
TWO UNIMPROVED PASTURES


WE CAN BUILD UP ACRES BY CONTOURING AND TERRACING
CONTOURING BOOSTS CORN YIELDS ABOUT 5 BUSHELS PER ACRE. THE RESPONSE OF TERRACING IS ABOUT THE SAME



WE CAN BUILD UP ACRES FASTER AND BETTER...
by using the RIGHT COMBINATION of practices PLANNED TO FIT THE FARMER AND HIS LAND

chemical
Crop Insurance

The strip down the middle of this Ohio alfalfa field was planted with untreated seed. The remainder was planted with the same lot of seed, but treated.

By PHILIP NOBLE

Staff Writer

NEARLY ANY SEED you put in the ground this spring can be "insured" for a good stand with a few cents' worth of chemical. For this small investment you get insurance against seed rot, seed decay, seedling blights and damping off, and seed-borne diseases such as wheat smut.

Chemical seed treatment apparently began in 1670, when a storm off Bristol, England, wrecked a ship loaded with wheat. Thrifty farmers along the coast salvaged some of the grain. It had soaked up too much sea water to be used for flour, but it looked good enough to be used for seed. Not only was it good seed—according to the story, it was exceptional. The grain that ripened in those fields was almost free of smut, while nearby fields planted with seed wheat from other sources were heavily smutted.

For nearly a century after that, sea water was used as a treatment for seed wheat to prevent smut. Then a German scientist found that blue vitriol or copper sulfate would do the job just as well—but it wasn't until 1853 that biologists found out exactly how smut could be carried from the seed crop to the ripening grain at har-

These greenhouse flats show what seed treatment does for a typical grass mixture. The amount of seed shown in the measuring spoon was planted in each, but seed in the left flat was treated, and seed in the right was untreated.

vest time without apparently affecting the growth of the plants between planting and harvesting.

Learning that smut was caused by fungus spores on the seed led to the conclusion that the treatment then used somehow disinfected the seed. Around the turn of the century, formaldehyde came into use as a seed disinfectant, and ultimately fungicides based on copper and mercury came into use.

Further study showed that disinfecting seed not only prevented smut, it also prevented decay organisms in the soil from depleting the storehouse of food in the seed, which nature provides to get the seedling off to a good start.

Treatment of seed has become a common practice for many crops. A large percentage of commercial hybrid seed corn is treated with "Arasan" seed disinfectant. In fact, the widespread use of hybrid corn seed would have been impossible without such a seed disinfectant. It has an organic chemical base and is one of a number that have been developed by commercial companies to get away from the injury which overdoses of fungicides based on mercury or other metals might cause on certain kinds of seed.

It wasn't until after World War II that any real progress was made with treatment of grasses and legumes. Accurate greenhouse tests have to come ahead of field recommendations When you realize that one level teaspoon may hold as many as *35,000* individual grass seeds, you know it takes a lot of patience for a greenhouse worker to count them one by one, plant them carefully in the soil, and then count the hairlike blades of grass that come up.

With legumes, it has also been necessary to prove that the chemical used to control harmful organisms on the seed and in the soil would not affect the bacterial inoculants used to help legumes fix nitrogen in the soil.

Scientists overcame each of these problems in the greenhouse and then took the practice to the field. The Du Pont Company alone has cooperated in 231 on-the-farm tests throughout the country, using most commonly grown varieties of grasses and legumes for three growing seasons. In these tests, the farmer seeded part of his field with untreated seed, the rest with treated. Otherwise, he followed his usual practices in managing his hayland or pasture.

When plants had emerged and were in a healthy growing condition, farmers and Du Pont representatives made actual counts of the number of plants in parallel areas throughout treated and untreated sections. While differences in stand varied depending on the area where crops were planted, increases resulting from seed treatment have been impressive throughout the country.

Some of the increases in stand were spectacular in the 1952 tests. At Lander, Wyoming, Allen Cornwell found that treated seed produced 249 percent more sweet clover plants than did untreated seed. At Anderson, South Carolina, treated lespedeza seed on the farm of Harry Drake gave 212 percent better stand than untreated seed. J. H. Kent at Columbus, Mississippi, saw a 186 percent increase from treated seed of Kentucky 31 fescue grass as compared with the untreated section of a pasture.

The most commonly tested crop was alfalfa. Top increases in this important hay crop were shown at Malvern, Iowa, where C. K. Stewart had a 118 percent increase in stand in favor of seed treatment; at Barnesville, Minnesota, where a 112 percent increase was chalked up in the field of Harold Janneck; and in Turlock, California, where seed treatment produced a 101 percent increase for T. C. Dilworth.

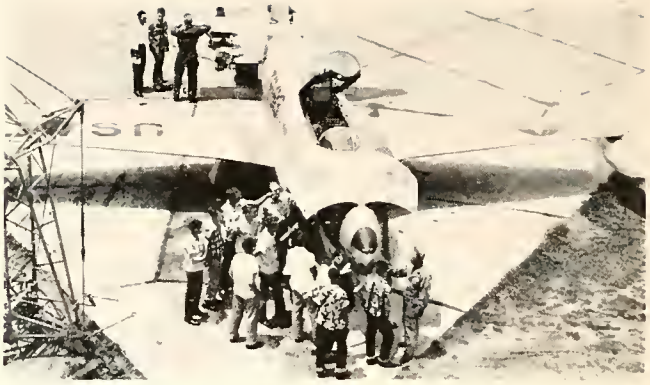
In cases where the crop is raised for hay, this can mean more bales per acre. In Pennsylvania, Oklahoma, and California, alfalfa growers have harvested a third more hay from treated sections of their fields, and in two cases where the fields were planted in 1951, this increase has carried over into the second year.

Growers may buy seed disinfectant and treat their seed before planting. A number of seed companies now offer seed for sale which has been treated. In all cases, treatment costs only one or two cents per pound of seed—a small investment compared to the insurance of good stands which the chemicals offer.

Typical results of planting treated and untreated cotton seed. Treated seed, above, produced strong seedlings. Results from untreated, below, are plain.

FFA ORCHESTRA

Audiences are held spellbound when listening to this FFA orchestra. The boys are from the Agawam, Massachusetts, Chapter and are shown above wearing appropriate uniforms. (Left to right) James Zeppi, Earl Van Wagner, Bill Munsell, Ralph D'Amato and Peter Checci.



FFA TOURS JET BASE

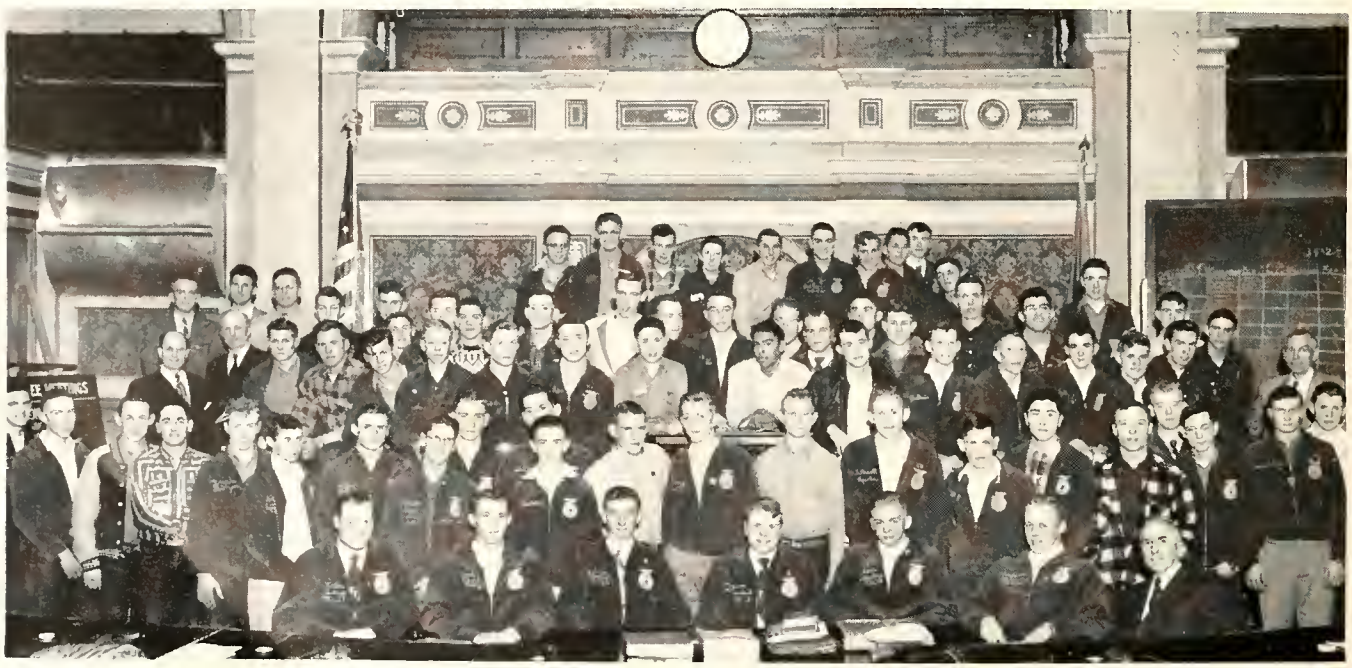
A group of FFA boys from the Kennard, Texas, Chapter inspected the armament system of a T-33 jet trainer at the Bryan Air Force Base in Texas. They also saw the altitude chamber, the link trainer section, hangars, and flight line, and they were guests at lunch.

Photo Roundup

The National FUTURE FARMER will pay $5 for each black and white picture, with information, used on this page. Ten dollars will be paid for color pictures used. Pictures not used will be returned if the writer so indicates.

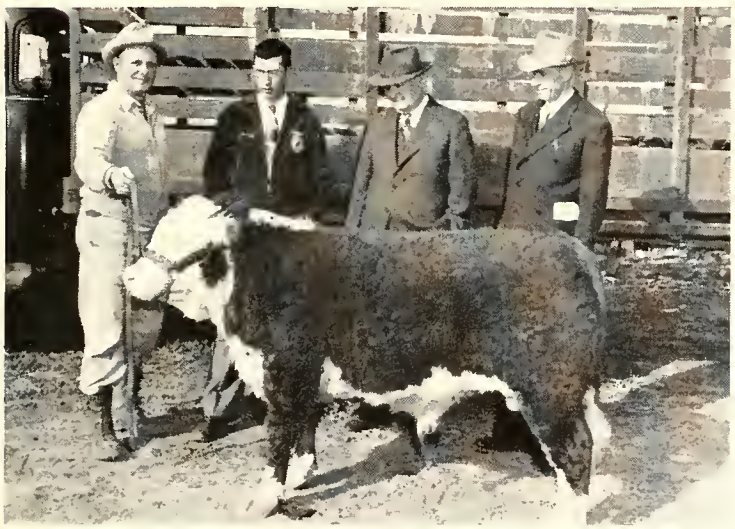
FFA TRAINING SCHOOL

The state of Montana shows its interest and support of the FFA in the picture below of the 2nd annual State Capitol FFA Training School, held in the State Senate Chambers at Helena, Montana, November 20-22, 1952. The school is to help teach the boys various phases of leadership they will need to know as officers of the FFA.



NEW YORK FARM MECHANIC

G. Leigh Pittroff of Martville, New York, a member of the Cato-Meridian FFA Chapter, is shown (right) proudly displaying a bale elevator that he has built. Such unusual ability and ingenuity in farm mechanics has helped Leigh win many awards. Among which are the State (Empire) Farmer Degree and the FFA Foundation Award in Farm Mechanics won by Leigh at the 27th annual convention of New York FFA last year.



ALABAMA AWARD WINNER

Ralph Sanderson, of the Hamilton, Alabama, FFA Chapter, is being shown the $600 pure-bred Hereford bull awarded to him by the Alabama Hereford Association and the Sears, Roebuck Foundation for the results developed by him in his FFA chapter bull program. Shown with Ralph (left to right) are: W. H. Whitten, who raised the bull; J. C. Cannon, Alabama State Supervisor; and M. F. Moore, Hamilton Chapter Advisor.

SEEING TRIPLE

Mays Kurtz, Jr., Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, is shown (right) admiring the hardy triplets presented to him by his pure-bred Holstein cow. In the Holstein breed, triplets appear only about once in one hundred thousand births. Mays was State FFA Chaplain of Pennsylvania in 1947 and is a member of the Cornwall Chapter in Lebanon County.

Flying Pigs

A few months ago, 200 pigs went flying. Not many pigs ever get a look at the inside of an airplane, but these 200 lucky ones took off from an airfield in Texas on their way to their new homes in Central America.

It all started last summer when Christian workers in Central America made an appeal for 200 high-grade breeding stock pigs. They needed the pigs to give to farm boys in Central America, as part of an agricultural improvement program being carried out in underprivileged areas by missionaries and agricultural experts.

When CROP (Christian Rural Overseas Program) heard about the need for 200 pigs in Central America, they knew it was just the kind of thing they liked to organize. CROP got its start in 1947 and is dedicated to "exporting love, hope, and friendship" to underdeveloped areas of the world. You can't pack things like friendship in an airplane or on a ship and send them off to the folks who really need them. But wheat, peanuts, goats, cotton, and dozens of other farm products not only can be sent but are also tangible proof of friendship.

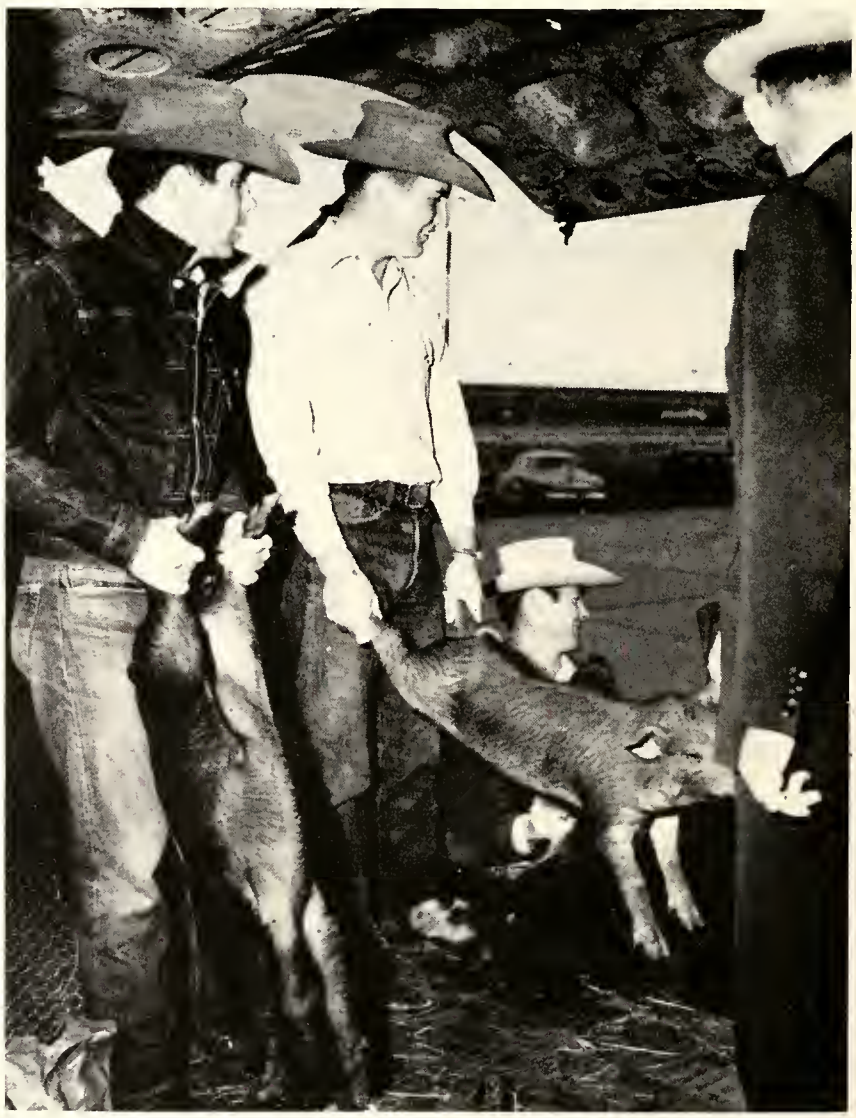
CROP got together with the Texas Inter-Faith Livestock Program Committee to figure out the best way to get those pigs on their way. Word went out to church groups, FFA chapters, and civic clubs all over the state.

The response was terrific. "Putting a pig on the plane" became a byword as these groups caught onto the spirit of the project. The pigs were assembled at the Texas Technological College farm at Lubbock. High-grade Berkshire, Duroc, Poland, and Hampshire pigs weighing from 46 to 60 pounds were graded, inspected, and inoculated.

The traveling pigs were then taken to the Lubbock airport where they were loaded onto the plane. After a dedication ceremony at the airport, the pigs were on their way to Costa Rica and San Salvador.

The distribution of the pigs in Central America was handled by Mr. N. C. De Baca of San Salvador. Each boy who received a pig signed an agreement to care for the animal to the best of his ability and to follow the advice of the agricultural agent. He was also encouraged to write to the person in the United States who had donated his particular pig.

A pig traveling in an airplane doesn't seem like a big contribution to world peace. But to the fellow waiting for it at the other end and to the folks on this end who sent it on its way, that pig is a real link of friendship and understanding between people and countries.



These pigs probably don't realize that they'll soon be flying through the air in a big plane bound for their new homes in Central America.

YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE GROWING UP IN THE AGE OF ALUMINUM!

No other generation has known aluminum as you see it today. Reynolds Aluminum gives you the strong, rustproof roofing and siding that reflects radiant heat ... increasing poultry and livestock production by keeping interiors cooler in summer, warmer in winter. Reynolds Aluminum makes your farm gates and silo caps, your milk pails and grain shovels.

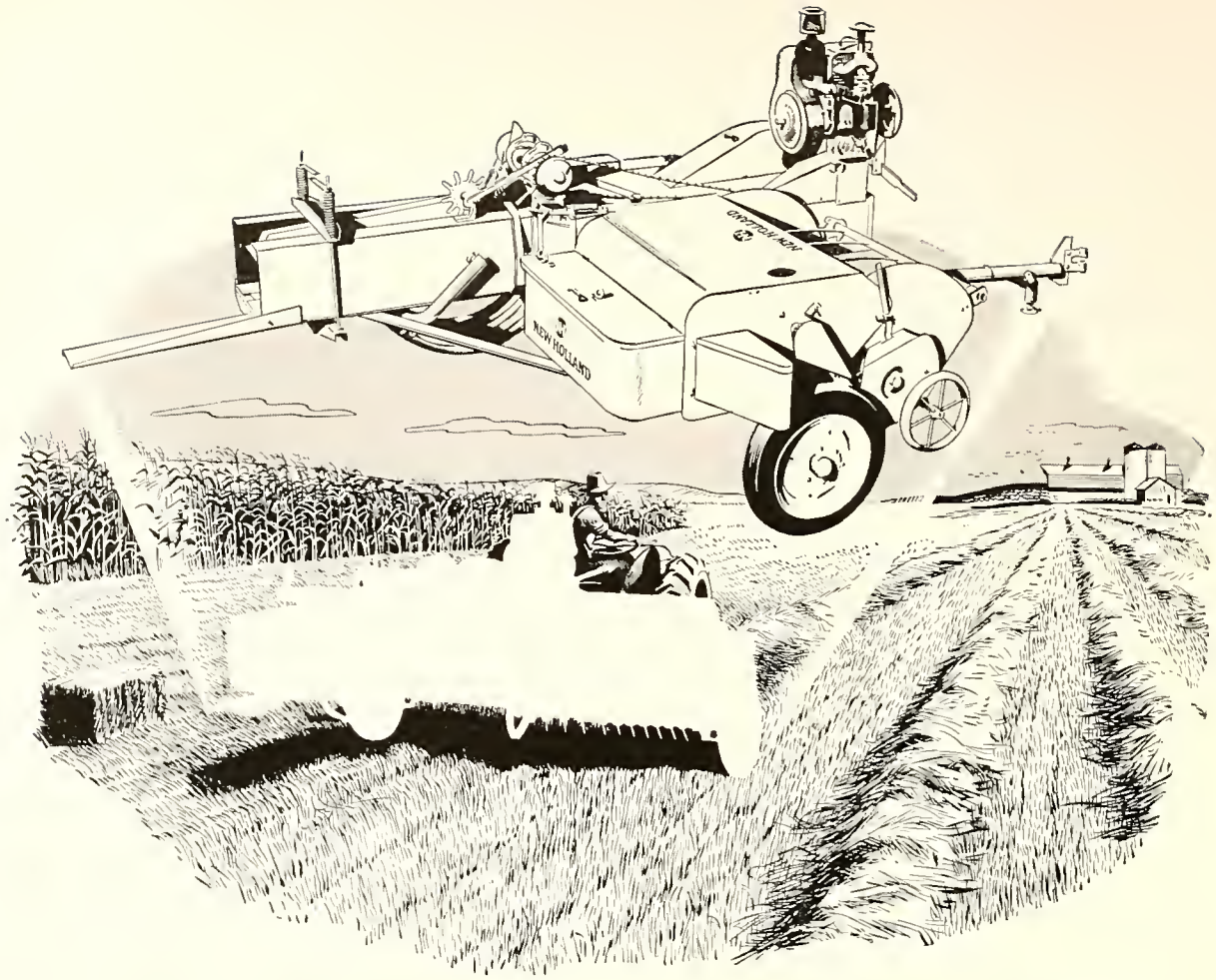
Reynolds Aluminum pipe makes your portable irrigation systems. Reynolds Aluminum Foil wraps the food you store in the aluminum compartments of refrigerators and home freezers. Aluminum paint... the "Liquid Aluminum" made with Reynolds Pigment ... is your best one-coat protection for any surface. And Reynolds *Lifetime* Aluminum Nails eliminate "the rusty nail" from the modern farmyard.

This great rise of aluminum really started with Reynolds competition... stimulating production and keeping the price low. Military needs for aluminum now limit farm supply, but our capacity is being rapidly expanded. You will see the bright Age of Aluminum stretch ever farther ahead!

Reynolds Metals Company, Building Products Division, 2030 South Ninth Street, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

REYNOLDS ALUMINUM

SEE "MISTER PEEPERS," starring Wally Cox, Sundays, NBC Television Network. **HEAR "Fibber McGee and Molly,"** Tuesdays, NBC Radio Network.



Fits right into the grassland picture

FARMERS with smaller grass acreages face a problem. The size of their grasslands may not warrant a big outlay on equipment and still be too large to manage economically by hand.

New Holland has just placed on the market a baler designed to fit right into this picture. It's the Model 66 twine-tie, the most compact baler ever built.

The lower cost of the "66" makes hay baling practical on almost any size farm. But it's not designed to sell on price alone. It's self-powered, operates with a one-plow tractor. It kicks out up to 6 bales a minute . . . packages up to 7 tons an hour in firm, square bales. It bales anything —clover, prairie hay, maize, sudan grass—dry or semi-cured.

No more depending on neighbors or custom operators—no more frantic forking to beat the weather. With a "66" the small-acreage farmer gets the full benefit of mechanized grasslanding. For now he can put up his hay just at the right stage of curing . . . treat his stock to protein-rich feed.

Development of the "66" began years ago. New Holland engineers, looking ahead, saw the need not for just a small or inexpensive baler, but for a baler that would meet a special need in the growing grassland trend. It's this policy of practical farm engineering that has made New Holland "First in Grassland Farming."

The New Holland Machine Company, a subsidiary of The Sperry Corporation.

NEW HOLLAND

"First in Grassland Farming"

New Holland Pa. • Minneapolis • Des Moines • Kansas City • Brantford, Ontario

(*Continued from page* 11)

prize ribbons, newspaper clippings, feature articles from leading farm magazines, and letters of appreciation from leaders in polio fund campaigns and agricultural associations.

Although he has found ready friends and supporters in his efforts and gives them the credit for his success in realizing his goal, Tommy's part has not been easy. For a boy who is still recovering from a crippling disease, traveling to livestock shows all over Florida has been physically tiring and expensive in time and effort. His father has spent a great deal of his time accompanying him.

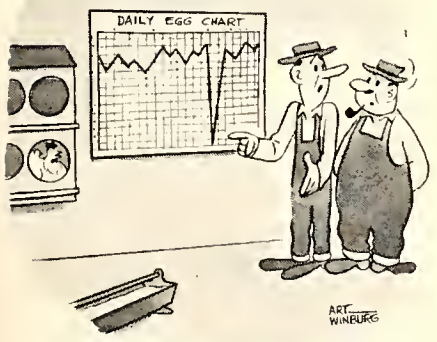
Besides repaying his debt to the Polio Fund, Tommy's plan included his own farming career. His supervised farming projects in vocational agriculture for the 1952-53 school year include eight steers for show purposes; a Duroc sow and Duroc gilt; three heifers, a cow, two calves, and two steers, in addition to his show steers; and ten acres of corn for grain and feed. His improvement projects include thirty acres of improved pasture and building a new fence.

Even with his busy schedule, Tommy has had time and energy to take an active part in Reddick FFA activities, serving as chapter sentinel in 1951-52 and treasurer in 1952-53. He is also a member of the Beta Club, a junior member of the Duroc Association, a song leader at the Fairfield Baptist Church, and BTU group leader.

He will not rest on his laurels either, for Tommy plans to attend the University of Florida next year. He will apply for his State Farmer degree this Spring, and plans to apply for the American Farmer degree next year.

Polio threw him for a loss on the football field, but Tommy High had learned the rules of the game well. He's gained ground ever since, traveling by stretcher, hobbling about on crutches, but always moving forward.

✦ ✦ ✦



"That's where I dropped the egg crate."

Let us hear from you! The National FUTURE FARMER will pay you $2 if we print your item on this page. Sorry but no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Can You Top This?

We're willing to bet that not many folks have seen a *two-ton* ear of corn! The Newell, Iowa, FFA Chapter joined with the Commercial Club to build this mammoth ear for the FFA float in the Newell Anniversary Celebration parade.

Johnnie Sellars, president of Missouri's Birch Tree Chapter, hasn't been absent or tardy during his entire 12 years of school!

Since 1949, the Northfield, Minnesota, FFA Chapter has had 17 State Farmers and two American Farmers.

Speaking of floats, the Beresford, South Dakota, Chapter planned to use a cow on their float. But the cow had other ideas. She kicked the daylights out of the railing around her and the float had to be withdrawn from competition.

Three-foot Willy Haverstraw makes a swell "dummy" for "ventriloquist" Gilly Berdahl who is six feet, three inches tall. They are both in the Rugby, North Dakota, FFA chapter and their act is very popular at FFA programs.

How's this for doing things in a big way? The Katy, Texas, FFA Chapter of 40 members has a 40-acre farm, tractor, pick-up, 20 head of Brangus cattle, a large cattle barn, a hog and sheep barn, and a rodeo arena. And for the past 10 years the chapter has held a fat stock show and rodeo each March and has sold over $150,000 worth of stock and poultry.

G. A. Taylor, a local blacksmith, entertained the Winner, South Dakota, Chapter at a regular meeting by lifting a 155-pound anvil *with his ears.*

Bart Brorsen, president of the Oklahoma FFA last year, was made a deacon in the Perry Presbyterian Church at the age of 19.

The Churchill County FFA Chapter in Fallon, Nevada, reports they have 11 American Farmers, 1 Pacific Star Farmer, 63 State Farmers, 13 state public speaking winners, and 3 national officers!

Names fascinate us. Especially town names. Doesn't Strawberry Point, Iowa, sound like a nice place? Our imagination goes roaming when we read of places like Paint Lick, Kentucky, or Ten Sleep, Wyoming. The other day we heard about Broken Arrow and Broken Bow. They're both in Oklahoma. And wouldn't it be fun to tell folks you were from Canandaigua. We can't even pronounce it, but several subscribers in New York call Canandaigua home. Some day when we're in the area and feeling awfully tried, we're going to look up the fellows in the FFA Chapter at Travelers Rest, South Carolina.

Needing spray equipment for his vine crops, Richard Harrison of Agawam, Massachusetts, bolted a small pump to the frame of a Model A Ford, added an over-size fan-generator belt, and now has a spray outfit which can throw a stream 30 feet.

The FFA chapters in West Virginia are really behind the State Youth Camp and Conference Center now under construction in Jackson County. A total of more than $42,000 has been pledged by 88 chapters to help provide buildings at the camp. Twenty-three chapters have pledged $1,000 or more and three of them have already completed their pledge.

(*Continued from page 21*)

do as much work as the educated boy right beside him. But that six-dollar-a-month plowboy would be lost on the complicated machine that does the work of a dozen or so plowboys now.

In this age, farming calls for keen intelligence. And the importance of this will grow as the population increases. Up to recent times we have gotten additional food by pushing the acreage up. But limitations now of both lands and labor compels us to get the needed increase from our soils by pushing yields up rather than acreages.

Potentials for the job? We have many. One of the greatest undeveloped potentials is supplementary irrigation in the regions of higher rainfall.

Here in our part of the southeast we have about 48 inches of rain a year. That looks like it should be enough, and it would be if it came at the right times. But often it does not.

I used to think I knew I knew
But now I must confess
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less

Long-time records show that we have an average of about six droughts a year, of two weeks duration or longer. Many of these are not disastrous, but each takes its toll. The methods we have developed through the years are all predicated upon droughts. For droughts have always come, and it is reasonable to expect that they will continue. So we pitch our crops with that in mind. It affects our spacings, fertilization, varieties—all our methods.

There was a time in our past when we could stand recurring droughts. Costs were low and natural resources great. But all costs are so high now that a man really has his fortune staked out there in his fields when crops are laid by. He must do everything in his power to insure that yield.

The average farmer has the know-how for making good yields. He knows about crop rotations, good seed, fertilization, good stands, etc. And he can make a good crop, IF HE GETS THE WATER!

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(*Continued from page 16*)

lot to take a chance on showing the stuff this first year. He needed seasoning—that was all.

He had come out of semi-pro. From school he went directly to a junior executive job with a big company. Baseball had helped get him the job, but business ability had aided him in working up rapidly. When the choice came, he thought about it a long time before dropping a sure future for a possible one. But he wanted to play in the majors. His life was baseball as had been his father's. And that of his uncle who managed the big-league Blues. And the Blues owned the Ducks.

This was all very nice, except that Nick had no more favoritism shown him than any other ball player. And it gave the sports writers a really fine chance to turn the heat on him. In this big town, so rabid over baseball that people seriously called it Duckville, sports writers were hard enough on regular rookies. They seemed to have an extra grudge against Nick Arlen.

And it rankled him. He thought he had a good idea of his own strengths and weaknesses. It was his job to pitch to a batter, not let a catcher call every ball. It was his job because he was the one tallied with the win or loss. Only here the writers gave the credit for his few wins to Ed Harper and for the losses to Nick Arlen.

Now he wound up again. He'd pitch the curve. It was all he could do. Follow orders and take it in the neck. It was going to be good. He felt it when the ball left his fingers. It was going to break beautifully.

It did—but too soon. He could see it, and he could see Blosser shift and get his bat in front of it. The ball went down the first base line, a perfect Blosser bunt.

Nick went over, scooped the ball, and pegged Blosser out by a step. But Kendall was in scoring position on second.

Nick walked over to Harper. "There's your curve," he said.

"All right," Harper answered without emotion. He waved Nick back to the box.

"Why, thank you, darling! It's just what I've always wanted!"

Nick faced Torgeson, the hefty Cougar centerfielder. He wielded a big bat, a mighty bat that had put 30 balls over the fence already this season. This, Nick decided grimly, was one he wouldn't put over. Not if Harper gave him the right signal. He had fanned Torgeson on four balls in the first, all hot ones. He hoped Harper remembered that.

He didn't. Nick groaned at the slow-ball signal. His arm ached to send in the fast one. The hot one that would go by Torgeson before he could get that stick halfway off his big shoulder. But Nick's brain directed the arm and orders were orders. He sent the slow one in.

He knew what Harper would say: "You forgot to pull the string, maybe?" And he knew what Harper would do. As he watched the ball climb and climb and go high over the left-field wall, he knew exactly what Harper would do. He wasn't in the least surprised to see Benson come in to replace him.

Going by the plate he said, "How about giving a guy a chance to work out of his own hole sometime?"

Harper's face was unreadable. He said slowly, "I did, twice. Once they got six and the other time four. Remember?"

"If a certain catcher would call the right signals . . ." Nick began tensely.

"Maybe that catcher don't get what he calls for," Harper said.

Nick said, "Ah-h!," and went to the showers.

It was two to one for the Cougars when he left, and the same score when he returned. It ended that way. Nulsack, the Cougar pitcher, had another one, and Nick was down for another loss. And that drove the Ducks into fourth place. Three weeks ago it had been first. What hurt Nick was looking back and seeing who had lost some of those key games during the last three weeks.

It didn't make for good reading. Nick wondered how much more his uncle, up with the Blues, would take. Five losses in five starts. In the fourth inning, out went Arlen. It wasn't his fault, he argued. Once in a while he could feel the old control slip or the fast ball lose its steam. But mostly it was Harper.

That guy, Nick decided, was strictly from hunger. An elephant of a man with the brain of a gnat. As far as Nick was concerned, Harper knew less baseball than the team's duck, their mascot.

The Ducks went on the road after that Cougar game. They dropped three out of four to the Wolves, and Nick pitched two half games, both of which

were in the loss column. After that they crossed the river to meet the Cougars again. It was the final series of the regular season—and it looked like a dismal windup for a team expected to finish in first.

Nick sat in his hotel room, nursing the faint hope that the Ducks could stay in fourth and get in the play-offs. There was a hammering at the door and Ed Harper walked in. Nick saw a late newspaper in his hand.

Harper said, "The Beavers copped a double-header today. And their season is over. That means we're in fifth." He paused and added, "So we cop two out of three against the Cougars or we don't get back to fourth and the play-offs."

Nick pushed aside the paper Harper extended. "I can guess," he said. "It says the Ducks haven't been down to fifth since the oldest fan can remember. It says if it weren't for Nick Arlen . . ."

"Half-game Arlen, they call you now," Harper commented. He waddled to a chair and lowered himself into it. "The papers are getting pretty rough. One bright boy thinks if your uncle weren't managing the Blues you wouldn't even be here. That puts the heat on him and on me."

"Did my record sell me or did my relatives?" Nick wanted to know.

"The record," Harper admitted. "But sports writers are a hungry bunch of wolves when they need a story. Especially hungry when a guy flops."

"And I've flopped," Nick added for him. Harper was silent, and anger worked up in Nick. It finally came out as it always did—in a rush. "I'm a fast-ball man and you keep calling for curves!"

"You won the state semi-pro title with more than a fast ball," Harper reminded him.

"These guys aren't semi-pro," Nick said. "They don't fool so easy. They're too smart for my curves. How about letting me pitch my own ball game for a change?"

Harper studied the floor and then his gnarled hands. He looked at Nick and rubbed fingers across his jaw. "I'll make a deal with you," he said finally. He sounded reluctant. "You

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pitch the first game tomorrow like you want. I won't signal at all."

"Yah," Nick said, "what's the catch?"

"If you win," Harper went on, "you can pitch the third one, too. Like you want it. If you lose, you work under my signals."

"And lose it for sure," Nick said.

"Under my signals," Harper repeated. He got up and went to the door. "Putting everything you have into every pitch."

"I always do!" Nick retorted.

Harper got a hand on the doorknob. "No," he said, "you haven't been. You might think so, but I saw you pitch before you came to this club. You want to throw that fast one, and you're thinking about that so hard you don't put everything into the curve or the slow ball."

"Maybe," Nick said with heavy sarcasm, "I need a psychiatrist."

Harper opened the door. "No," he said mildly, "just do what I say—it's cheaper."

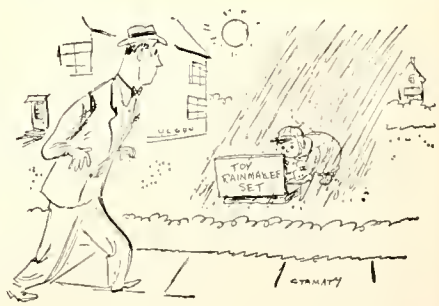
Nick watched the door shut on Harper's big frame. He swore under his breath, relieving himself a little. The more he thought about it, the more he was sure Harper was crazy. He had always put everything into his pitches. He played to win, no matter how he felt.

Anyway there was one ray of consolation—he could pitch tomorrow's game his own way. For the first time this season, too. This was his chance to show Harper just how stupid and wrong he really was.

He stepped onto the Cougar mound feeling pretty good. This was going to be his day. He looked at the partisan stands and grinned. The Ducks had got a man as far as third in their half of the inning. Keown, the Cougar chucker, had worked out of the hole, but even so Nick didn't think those paying customers up there were going to keep on being as happy as they acted right now. Not for long.

Kendall was the first batter. Nick wound up, feeling a fine flowing motion in his muscles. When he let the fast ball go, he knew it was right. So were the next two. Kendall walked off without having lifted his bat from his shoulders.

It went swell, Nick thought. Blosser took two cuts and a called strike for



his out. Torgeson nearly tied himself in a knot swinging at a pitch he couldn't see. Paul, at first base, gobbled it up near the stands. Three up and three down.

Keown had no trouble the second inning, and Nick went back, repeating his performance. In the third, the Ducks worked two men on and it was his turn to bat. The first pitch was slow and soft. Keown was slipping, Nick thought, and took a mighty cut. He started running, and slowed when the ball cleared the short right-field fence. He came across the plate grinning.

"Win my own ball game," he said to himself.

There was a big *three* on the scoreboard when he stepped to the mound again. The spring was still in his arm, and he looped in 12 balls to get three men out. Two were strikeouts, and the third was an easy grounder to short.

Keown worked well again, and the crowd cheered as he set the Ducks down one after another. Nick went out for the last of the fourth. The big fourth. The one where Harper's screwy calls meant a lost ball game. Well, this time . . .

Harper stood placidly behind the plate. Only his jaws worked on a wad of gum; he gave no signals. Nick grinned. Harper had taken a long time to get wise but it looked as if it were sinking in.

And the fourth was just like the first three. So were the fifth and sixth. Nick varied the fast ball now with the curves and the slow one. And every time they did just what he wanted. He got a little sore thinking about it. He knew when the curve was ready for use; it was too bad Harper hadn't learned it sooner.

Nick's arm whipped the ball in the groove and the batters went down like bowling pins. It was a fine feeling. It gave Nick a good laugh to see Harper chewing steadily without expression on his face.

The Ducks didn't get any more, either but the three runs Nick's homer had brought them began to look very big. They looked even bigger with two men down and Kendall at bat in the seventh. He had got one lone crack at the ball, and that an easy blooper to third. Outside of that he had fanned.

Nick cut loose with the hot one down the middle. When the ball left his fingers, he knew something was off. Just a little, but just enough. He turned and saw the pitch ride into short left for a clean single.

There went a no-hit game, he thought, and faced Blosser. He expected the bunt and so he grooved one with everything he had. But Blosser wasn't having any. Three runs were too much to bunt against. The

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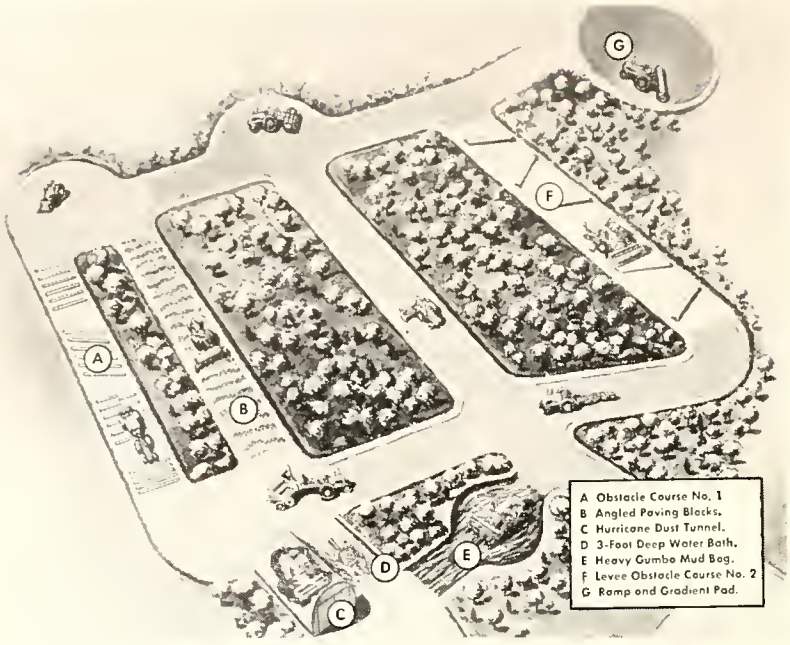
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Cougar second baseman came around in a mighty swing and drove the ball between third and short. When Nick was ready to pitch again, Kendall was on third and Blosser on first.

Nick shook his head and looked at Harper. The catcher spat and stared back without expression. His hands were still, waiting for the ball, not signaling. Nick sized up Torgeson and sent one down the slot. He concentrated on it and Torgeson cut air.

Nick grinned a little. Just a momentary slip, that was all. He wound up again, this time slipping the outside curve over Torgeson. It went foul, back to the screen for the second strike. Nick's grin got wider. This would be the one. Torgeson wouldn't even see it. He let it go, the fast one down the slot. And he felt the pitch in his arm, all the way to the shoulder. It wasn't even to the box when he knew what would happen. That made 32 out of the park for Torgeson this season.

It was three all and the Cougars were back in the ball game. Nick found his hands were sweating, and he rubbed them on his pants. The next pitch got away from him for one Harper had to chase. Nick took deep breaths, fighting himself. He couldn't fall apart now, not in this ball game. He worked carefully, but the ball was wide. The third pitch did catch the inside corner, but the batter found it to his liking. The ball bounced off the fence for a double.

Nick forced himself to concentrate. Three fast ones to this hitter, and the danger would be over. He could cool off during the Ducks' turn at bat. Three fast ones, he thought, and let loose with the first. It went for strike one. Nick gritted his teeth against the tightness in his arm. Nerves, he told himself, and fired again.

He might as well have walked up and handed it over. The ball cleared the left-field fence by 12 feet. For all Nick cared, it could keep on going. He took off his glove and walked silently to the showers.

Benson went in and set them down, but Keown was comfortable with a two-run lead, and he eased the Cougars into the win five to three.

The Ducks didn't think much of the game. As Nick left the dressing room, he got a few side remarks. He man-

aged to ignore them at the time, but they stuck in his memory, gnawing at him. He wasn't too happy, either, when Colter pitched three-hit ball the next day and got a four-one win for the Ducks. He liked the victory; it kept alive the slim hope of getting into the play-offs. But he didn't like the pressure it put on him for the next day.

That night he had the trainer work over his arm, and he woke up the following morning with it loose again. He went out to the park, telling himself he was right this time. It was a day game and the sun was hot—good weather for a pitcher.

He kept telling himself he was set. And even when the team squawked at his getting the pitching assignment, he didn't let it ruffle him too much. This was going to be his day.

But when he went to the mound after the Ducks were down one, two, three, the gnawing doubt he fought against began to come back. Maybe he had had his day. He had pitched one the way he wanted it and lost. Now he had to pitch one for Harper.

Harper came up to him long enough to say, "Remember the deal."

Nick nodded and walked to the box. He faced Kendall, got the signal for a fast one, and blazed it in. Kendall took it for strike one. The signal came again, and Nick shot the fast one in a second time. He began to wonder a little as Harper kept it up, hut the batters went down the line as always.

Maybe, Nick told himself, it was his day after all.

He was silent on the bench. Even when Harper got a telegram that he read and quickly folded away, Nick wasn't curious. He felt a little numb and tired from trying to create hope where none existed.

Nulsack was doing a good job for the Cougars. It was a tight pitchers' battle for the first three innings. Nick came closest to getting on base for the Ducks when he drove a long one in the third. But a fine catch in left center stopped him and ended the inning.

On the mound in the last of the fourth, he faced Kendall again. Harper's signal came as Nick knew it would—the inside curve. Nick stalked forward. "The fast one's right for this guy," he said.

"Do it my way," Harper answered, and that was all.

A bargain was a bargain to Nick, and he forced himself to concentrate on the curve. But it was too easy to read, and Kendall put it between first and second for a single. Harper signaled the same thing for Blosser. The second baseman got his bat on it for a nice bunt before it broke. Harper fielded him out, but Kendall was on second.

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Harper signaled the slow ball for Torgeson. He was a little off balance or his hit would have gone out of the park. As it was, he made third on a throw-in that just missed catching Kendall at the plate. Now Harper called the fast one, and Nick blazed it in. He was wondering a little at still being in the game. Usually Torgeson was the last man he faced on jinx days. But evidently Harper was going to let him dangle a little longer.

Harper should, he thought, as the batter popped the fast ball to Paul at first. Harper signaled the same pitch again. Nick laid it in the groove, and the batter drove the ball right back to him. He fielded cleanly and caught the runner before Torgeson got halfway to the plate.

On the bench he said, "You messed it up that time."

Harper studied him briefly before he said, "You agreed to give every pitch everything you had."

Nick swore and stood up, the anger bursting inside of him. "I play to win," he said hotly. "I don't like to be called . . ."

Harper showed no emotion at all. "You aren't playing it square now," he said and walked off.

Nick dropped back to the bench. He was shaking all over. He tried to concentrate on watching Nulsack's beautiful pitching, but he was too angry. To hell with Harper. The guy still thought he knew everything. Well, let Harper go on thinking it. What had started out as a beautiful career for him was all shot. He'd pitch them Harper's way without doing any thinking of his own. Then maybe someone would get wise and see how stupid the big catcher really was.

The Ducks were still hitless when Nick went out for the fifth. Harper signaled the inside curve. Nick knew the hitter was a fast-ball sucker, and for a moment his anger rose again. Then he remembered his vow. This was Harper's game; he'd do just what he wanted.

The rage had sunk into a hard, icy knot in Nick's stomach now. The shakes were gone, and in their place was the steady cold of icy anger. When he pitched the curve, he knew it was perfect. The batter wrapped himself into a knot for strike one.

Harper signaled the fast one. Nick exploded it down the center for a called strike. Another fast one and the batter was through. His bat hadn't even got near the ball. The second man sucked on a slow ball, topping it to first for an easy out. Nick worked without thought, following Harper with cold deliberation, ignoring everything but pitching what Harper called.

It went that way, Nulsack working on a one-run lead and holding it. Nick set them down nicely. There were two hits but scattered, one in the sixth and one in the eighth, and so no damage was done. He even got a little pleasure out of seeing the string being pulled on the slow one and watching the curve break away from a man's swing.

In the seventh, Paul got on for the Ducks. Rowles singled him to third and, with one out, Harper blasted a long fly to left, scoring Paul. Nick came up with Rowles on second and hit a Texas leaguer. Rowles went to third and faked toward the plate. They threw down to catch Rowles and Nick dove for second. He cut back as the throw whistled down to stop him. He slid into first and stood up, dusting himself and grinning. Rowles

(*Continued on page* 56)

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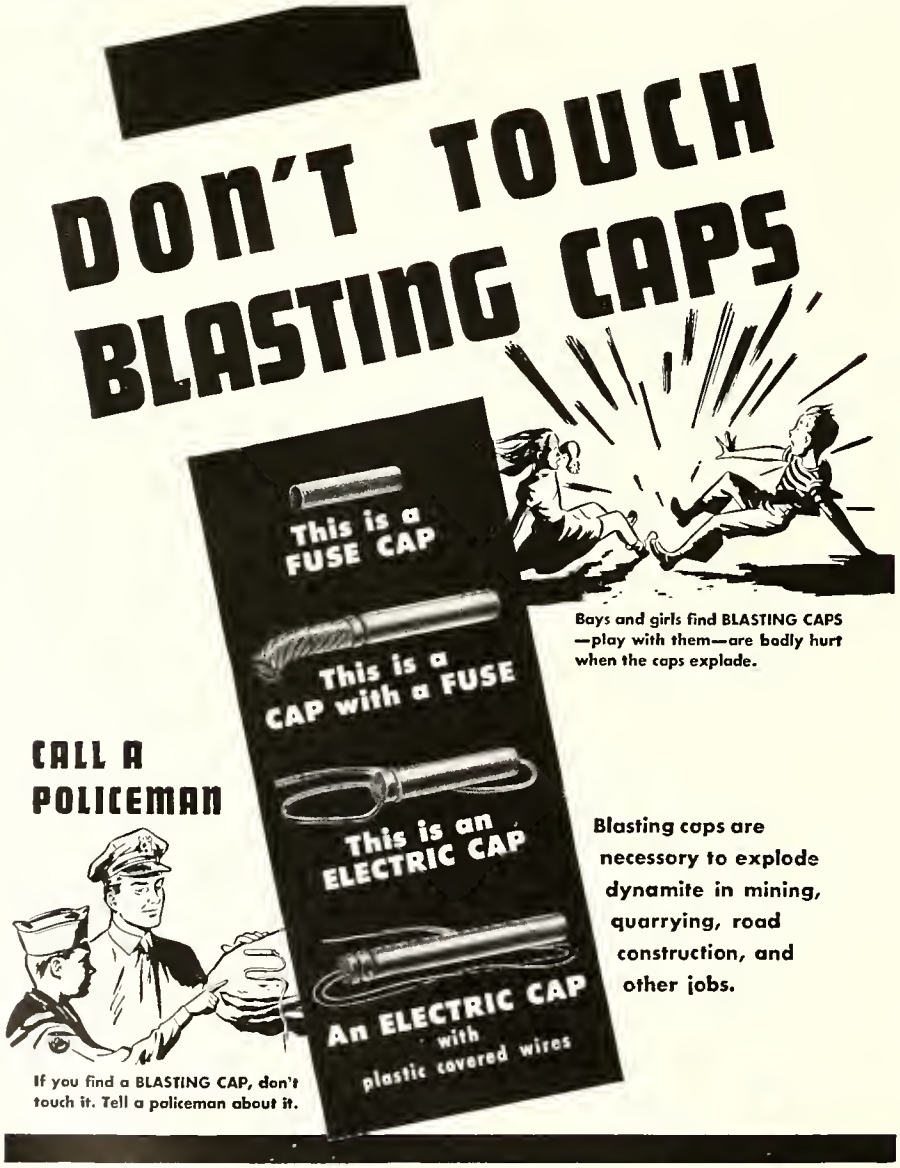
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(*Continued from page* 54)

had made it home.

With a two-to-one lead, Nick felt a little easier. But under it all, he was sweating. The rage had worked out of him, leaving his mind free enough to realize this game wasn't over yet. In the big ninth, Nick had the left-fielder and Nulsack to face and then Kendall again. Nick lost the first batter on a clean fielding chance to second that Engle muffed. The pinch hitter for Nulsack caught a piece of the inside curve and looped it back of first for a single.

Nick swallowed. Men on first and second now and Kendall up. That last curve had been off, and he began to wonder if he was the kind who couldn't stand pressure. He looked at Harper, wondering what the big ape would do now. Harper was expressionless. He signaled the fast one.

Nick let Kendall have it. He had been playing with Nick's curves for some time now, and the hot ball caught him flat-footed. Nick got the same signal and blazed in a second strike. On the third, Kendall took a cut at the ball, but it was in Harper's mitt for the out.

Blosser took a swing at the air and stepped to the plate. Harper signaled the fast one again. Nick stretched out and burned it over. Blosser's bat cracked, but it was a feeble sound. Nick gobbled the fly without moving.

It was Torgeson now—the man with the big stick. He came up grinning and pointing to the fence. Nick looked past him to Harper's hand. The signal came. The fast one again. Nick rubbed his arm, wondering if Harper had gone crazy. But it was the call, and he shot it in there. Torgeson took a running swing and missed.

Harper called it again. Nick wound up. The arm was still loose, and he knew the pitch would be good. Almost too good. Harper dropped it, and when he had it back the baserunners were on second and third. A good single would score them both, and the ball game would be over.

Nick wasted one as Harper called for a wide tempter. Now it was two and one. Harper waggled for the fast ball. Nick swung free and easy and delivered.

He saw Torgeson take his cut, heard the crack of the bat. He twisted his head, looking. His stomach turned to lead, and there was bitterness in his mouth. And then his face split into a wide grin. Rowles came in fast and took the ball up against the stands for the out. It had been foul by 10 feet.

Nick walked up to Harper. The team came running in, slapping him on the back, chattering for the first time in weeks.

"You," Nick said to the catcher, "are nuts. Why all those fast ones at

the end?"

"You were fresh enough to deliver them, weren't you?" Harper asked blandly.

"I can go a few more innings," Nick admitted.

Harper spat. "That's what I mean. Once you learned your curve was as good as the fast ball, you had a chance to save some steam for the places that count."

Nick scuffed the ground. Finally he looked up. "I got so sore," he said, "I guess I forgot I wanted to pitch the fast one when you called a curve." He added slowly, "It seems I'm the guy it took a long time to make smart. I thought it was you."

"You made the grade," Harper observed. He fumbled around and brought out the telegram he had received. Carefully he tore it into bits.

"That," he said, "was from your uncle." His voice was still flat. "He wired me to release you. I'm wiring back that we need you in the playoffs, but you can tell him yourself why I tore it up."

". . . when you're up with the Blues next season," he added.

Perhaps you've read other of Louis Trimble's stories. He has 17 books and 30 stories to his credit —mostly detective, western, and sports. Besides writing good stories, such as "Half-Game Hurler," the author has completed work for a Master's Degree in Linguistics and has been a house painter, roofer, accountant, teacher, hog rancher and stump farmer.

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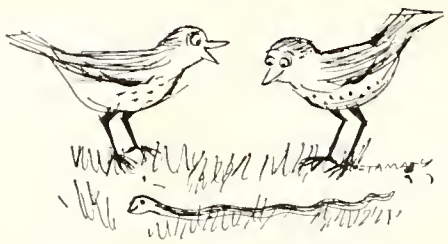
The First One Doesn't Have a Chance



"You can't help but like him, he's so down to earth."

▼

Two ants were running along a cracker box when one of them said, "Why are we running so fast?"

The other answered, "We have to; it says right here: 'Tear along dotted line.'"

Clifford Wendling
Haven, South Dakota

▼

Barber: Your hair is very thin.

Customer: Who wants fat hair?

William Clark
Amery, Wisconsin

▼

A little girl, stroking her cat before the fireplace, was startled when it began to purr. She thought a minute and then jerked it away from the fire.

"Don't do that, Dorothy," said her mother. "You're hurting the cat."

"But I have to, Mother," said the little girl. "She's beginning to boil."

Francis R. Stock
Waterflow, New Mexico

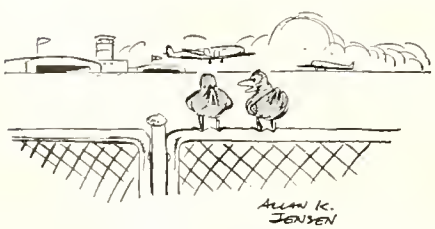
▼

A tourist passing through the swamps of a Southern state asked the guide, "Is it true that if you carry a torch the rhinoceros will not eat you?"

"Well," replied the guide, "it's according to how fast you carry the torch."

Cee Tee Bell
Longford, Kansas

▼



"I'll admit they can fly—but they can't flap their wings!"

Farmer: What would you do about my son?

Ag Teacher: What's he done wrong?

Farmer: Well, he wants to become a tractor speed demon.

Ag Teacher: If I were you I wouldn't stand in his way.

Loyal Walter
Paris, Ohio

▼

Lady: What did we hit?

Conductor: A cow!

Lady: Was it on the tracks?

Conductor: No, we had to chase it across the field!

Henry Peterson
Pine Island, Minnesota

▼

Mother: Another bite like that and you'll leave the table.

Hungry Boy: Another bite like that and I'll be through.

William Clemons
Dry Ridge, Kentucky

▼

"Remember—the first one that goes in after the bell rings is chicken."

▼

Mother: "Junior, did you change the water in the fish bowl today?"

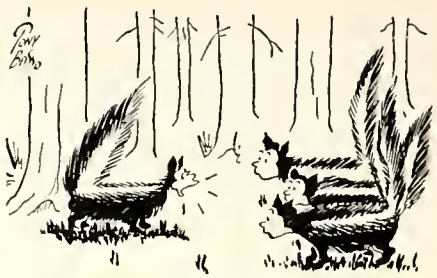
Junior: "No, they haven't drunk what I put in there yesterday."

Mina Van Dyke
Grand Rapids, Michigan

▼

A mountaineer on his first visit to a city was completely fascinated by the asphalt streets. Scraping his toe on the hard surface, he turned to his wife and remarked: "I can't blame 'em for building a city here, Ma. Just imagine trying to get a plow into this stuff."

James Kelly
Upper Sandusky, Ohio



"I hate you, and you, and you . . . you're nothing but a bunch of stinkers!"

▼

Two drunk men were walking down a railroad track. Said the first drunk, "These long stairs sure do get me." "It's not the long stairs," said the second drunk, "it's these low banisters."

Bobby Miller
Quinlan, Texas

▼

When a woman driver stick her hand out you can always be sure of one thing—the car window is open.

Loretta Cannon
St. George, Utah

▼

A woman went into a veterinarian's office and told the vet that she wanted every bit of her little dog's tail cut off. The veterinarian asked her, "What do you want every bit of his tail cut off for?" The woman answered, "My mother-in-law is coming to stay with us a while and I don't want anything friendly around the house."

Bobby Unser
Owensboro, Kentucky

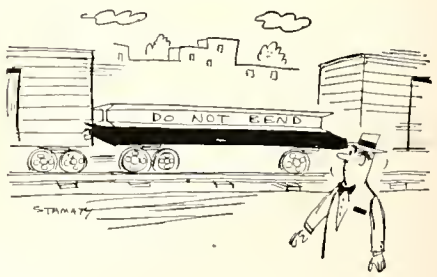
▼

All through the game, an excited fan had been yelling his home team to victory. Suddenly he became silent, turned to his companion and whispered, "I've lost my voice."

"Don't worry," was the reply. "You'll find it in my left ear."

Harold Vaughn, Jr.
Hawesville, Kentucky

▼



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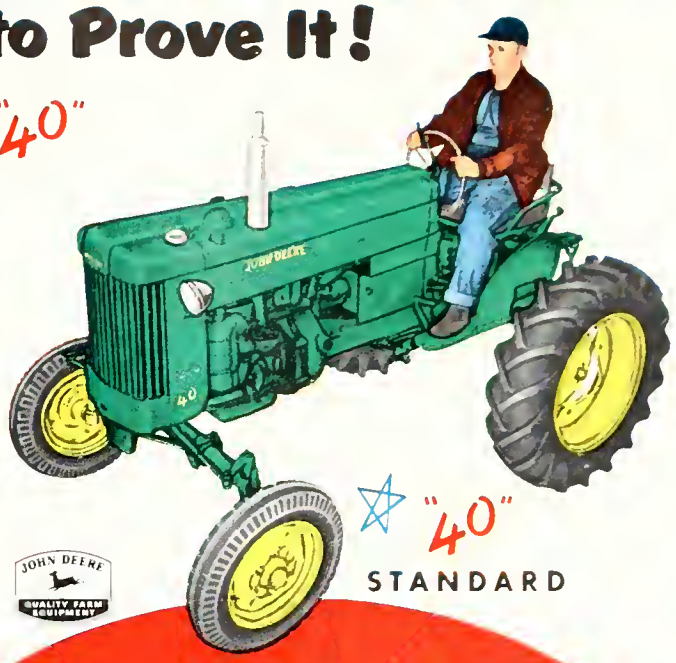

★ "40" STANDARD

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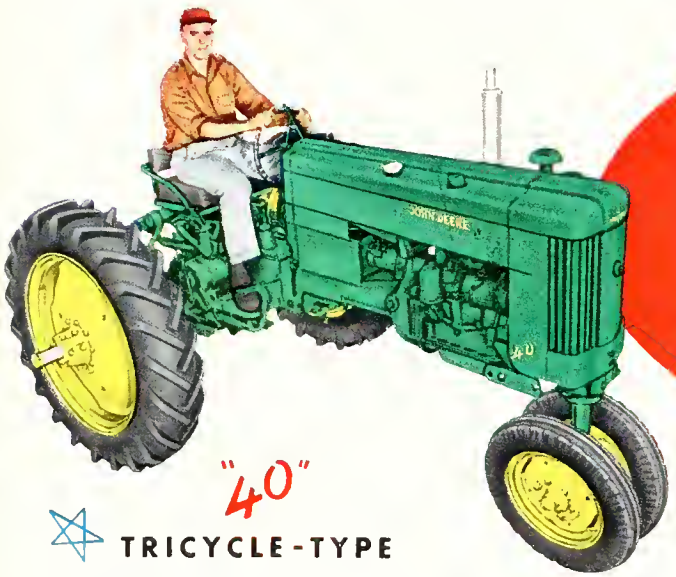
JOHN DEERE "40" SERIES TRACTORS



★ "40" TRICYCLE-TYPE

The "40" Tricycle-Type is furnished as shown, also with single front wheel, or with wide front axle. The "40" Standard Tractor (above right) has adjustable wheel treads front and rear. The "40" Crawler (below) is the 2-3-plow tractor for difficult conditions. All three models have the same dependable, economical John Deere-built engine.

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- ★ Disk Harrows
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- ★ Cultivators
- ★ Field Cultivators
- ★ Spring-Tooth Harrows
- ★ Tool Carriers
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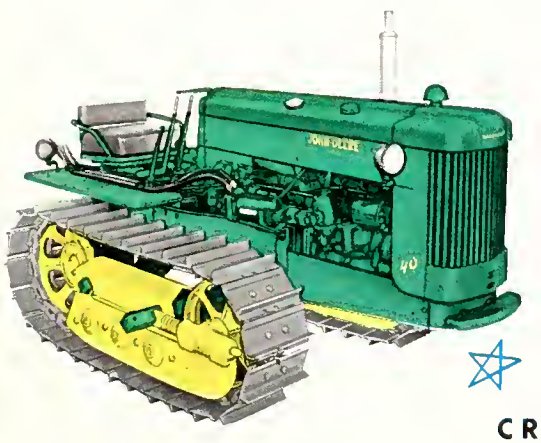

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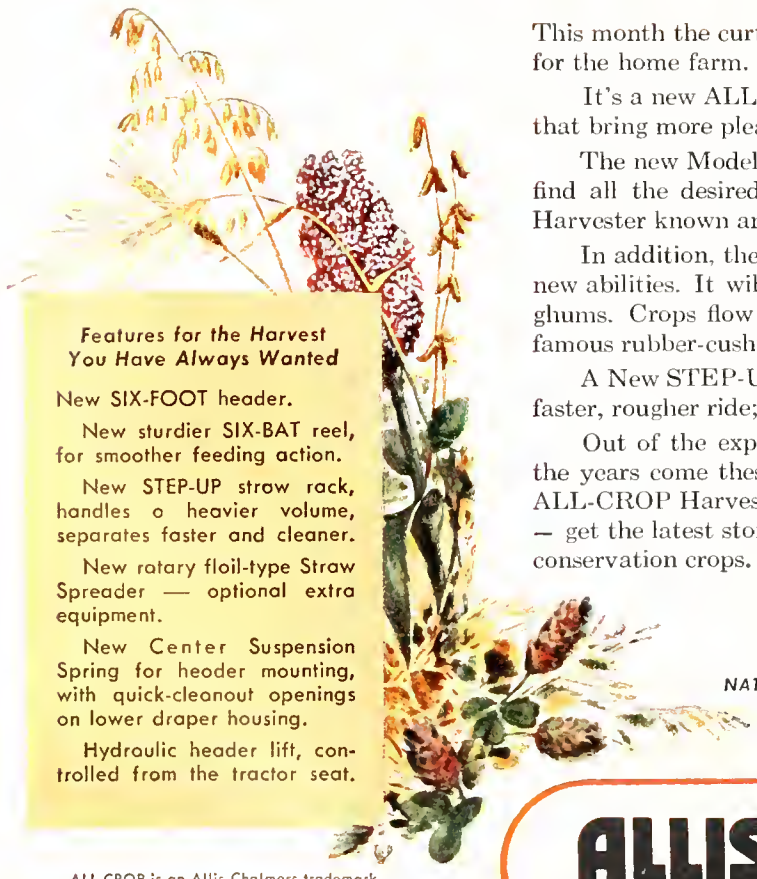

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